THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LAST FROM ABROAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

I.

You remember, dear cousin, my clandestine marriage,
How I tricked pa and ma, and one fine summer day
Made off in a buggy,—'twas none of the cleanest—
With the foreign *attaché*, the Count La Rosé.
Alas! my dear cousin, a thousand wild fancies
Arise in the brain of a girl of my age,
When she sees herself followed and finds herself courted
By a handsome young fellow who's really the rage.
But *que voulez-vous*, as they say in dear Paris,
The Count is a most unaccountable man;
In sackcloth and ashes I weep for my folly,
Though he dances the German as no one else can.

II.

You remember Miss Millionton, how she admired him,
And gladly consented at once, it is said;
But her sire was averse, and she turned the cold shoulder
When the poor *attaché* had resolved to be wed.
Now would you believe, dear, that when he discovered
I was not as rich as he seemed to suppose,
He began to ill-treat me, and one day he told me
A marriage was nothing, made "under the rose."
But my poor Cousin Ned, whom I jilted, dear creature,
"Came down" on the Count, shook his fist at his nose;
I thought he would ruin that beautiful feature,
For he seemed to be trying to bring him to blows.

III.

Now it really seems odd, for, my dear, you remember
How the Count used to talk of the duels he'd had?
That he should have looked cowed and averse altogether,
To exciting my cousin or making him mad.
He professed to ignore altogether his meaning;
Declared that he never had said he was free;
And just as I thought that Ned meant to attack him,
He turned and referred the whole matter to me.
Now what could I say? I had summoned my cousin,
Who happened to be on his tour at the time.
Ned smiled, and with evident sarcasm speaking,
Said: "Impudence sometimes is almost sublime."

IV.

Now should you not think that a terrible duel
Would have followed on language so horrid as that;
Or that he'd have said something cross to my cousin,
Or made his eyes blacker, or knocked off his hat?
I sat on the sofa and trembled all over,
So certain was I that he'd do something rash;
But Ned, whom I saw at the close of the evening,
Said: "Cousin, for your sake, I've lent him some cash."
For alas! it was true, he is quite out of pocket,
And had thought to retrieve by his marriage of course;
His diamond studs even are false as his heart is,
And he slights me without the least sign of remorse.

V.

I think, it is shocking, but really I think so,
He'd see me abscond with that angel from Spain;
For when I remarked I had left off my flirting,
He simply observed: "*C'a n'en vaut pas la peine.*"
Ned came with us kindly to Paris and London,
I was dying to see the *beau monde*, as you know,
And expected to conquer dukes, barons and princes,
And make a sensation wherever I'd go.
But the principal part of my husband's acquaintance,
I am sorry to say, are but gamblers at best;
Their means of existence are quite an enigma,
Though I really must own they are always well-dressed.

VI.

Now this is a secret, if ever you tell it,
(Miss Millionton, as you may guess, would be glad),
I never will tell you another for certain;
As for pa and mamma, it would drive them both mad.
You know the sweet likeness you gave me, dear Nettie,
Enriched with a circle of diamonds from Ball's;
The Count wished to sell it, he'd give me another,
He said, when for money he had no more calls.
But this is not all, I refused to permit him
To take your sweet gift, and the creature got vexed,
And used such expressions I'm frightened to think of,
I am sure I don't know what the man will say next.

VII.

Then he seized me and shook me until he was crimson,
And I held the picture as fast as I could;
But alas! my dear cos, in the grasp of a tiger,
I assure you my efforts did no kind of good.
Now everything's gone, poor, dear Ned has departed,
And even the money he gave when he left,
The Count has discovered and spent on a dancer!
Is not robbing one's wife, cos, a species of theft?
I am sure I have fretted and moped till my figure
Is more like a broom than a nymph, as he said,
When we waltzed at the Washington balls all the season,
And my eyes I have cried nearly out of my head.

VIII.

I hope you will burn this most secret of letters,
And, cousin, I pray you, a word of advice;
Don't ever suppose that these Counts are our betters—
They surpass us in nothing unless it is dice.
I had rather have married my excellent cousin,
Whatever the title of Countess may be;
I am sure with experience founded on shaking,
You'll be ready to say that you can but agree.
My earrings, my emeralds, don't you remember?
I saw in the ears of the dancer last night;
I remembered my dear Uncle Bob when he gave them,
And thought I should faint at the terrible sight.

IX.

You know that I never could study, dear Nettie,
Or else I declare that I'd sit down and write
For a place as a teacher, or something of that sort,
It is better than crying from morning till night.
Just as I was sealing my letter, dear Nettie,
Ned, who had departed, came to my *salon*,
And said: "My dear cousin, I've bad news to tell you,
The Count and the dancer are off to Dijon.
I'll take you, dear cousin, safe home, if you let me;
Your father'll be glad to see Janie again;
I hope you admit that if this comes of flirting,
It must be allowed *c'a n'en vaut pas la peine.*"

THREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again."

The harvest moon shone full and red over the many gables of Castleton seminary; over velvet green lawn, and winding carriage-way bordered with maples; while far away the summer wind swept softly over billowy seas of golden grain, and rustled the broad leaves of the Indian corn standing in long rows, rank behind rank, like a mighty army in battle array. Coming nearer, it rustled and swayed the lace curtains at the windows of the Castleton drawing-rooms, where were assembled the wit and talent, and wealth and beauty of two states; for Mrs. Howe, the lady principal, had been a noted leader of society, and now that she "received" but once a year, the fashionable world made a point of always attending these annual reunions.

Flowers were festooned upon the walls, glowed in pure white vases, blushed upon the bosom and bloomed in the girdle of beauty; while brilliant lights, fair faces, subtile perfumes, and elegant toilettes, over all, and through all the wild, sweet waltz music, made up a scene that seemed to some of the shy, fresh cheeked school girls like a glimpse of fairy land.

In a chair, beside one of the open windows, sat Mrs. Howe, stately and gracious, while beside her stood a gentleman, no longer young, but tall and fine-looking—the very picture of an ancient Roman senator in attitude and bearing, though lacking that hateful hardness and severity of expression which our artists all seem disposed to accord to those ancient worthies. This was Jackson Rivers, the banker, a king on "change," and a person whose name was good for anything under four millions, and *therefore* a gentleman whom Mrs. Howe was very proud to number among her patrons.

He stood there with his hand on the back of that lady's chair, but even while he talked to the hostess his eyes steadily followed the movements of two who were slowly making the tour of the rooms.

One of these two was Doctor Willard Stanton, a grave, quiet man of thirty, a practising physician in the city of P———, and a particular friend, if not a distant relative, of Mrs. Howe. Not a handsome man. You might have met him fifty times and never thought of observing him particularly until some tone of his voice or a glance of his brown eyes, or that rare smile of his would arrest your attention, and you suddenly make the discovery that he was a singularly attractive man—one of the sort, deny it who may, that women love longest and best.

Leaning on his arm was my friend and schoolmate, Esther Rivers.

I question whether the peerless bride of Ahasuerus ever looked more a queen in her robes of royalty than did this Esther, whose beautiful Jewish mother had, in dying, named her child for that glorious woman who perilled her crown and her life for the salvation of her people. The beauty of my friend was cast in a Hebrew mould. She resembled her mother very closely. There was the same crimson lips and clear cut features; the same regal poise of the head; the same dark, shining eyes and wealth of lustrous black hair. No wonder the father's glance followed her lovingly, or if he forgot once to reply when Mrs. Howe spoke to him.

Esther came nearer and nearer, finally paused just before him. Mr. Rivers shook hands cordially with his daughter's companion. The two men knew and thoroughly liked each other, notwithstanding a difference of twenty years in their ages, and more than that much of difference in their worldly positions. But both were gentlemen born, though one did happen to be a millionaire and the other had but a few thousands and his medical practice.

"Mrs. Howe, papa, have you seen Lilly Hayse and cousin Louis?"

"They passed a few moments ago. They are coming now," replied Mrs. Howe. Esther turned to them as they came up—a blue-eyed sylph, in the airiest and most cloudlike of tulle dresses, and beside her a dark young Alabamian, straight and slender as a young birch tree.

I had been observing them all under cover of a rather dull conversation with a young clergyman, who was entertaining me with an account of affairs in his parish. I was not sorry, therefore, when Louis Mayne left the little group surrounding Mrs. Howe's chair and came in search of me. He bowed courteously to my companion, and drawing my hand through his arm with a few low spoken words led me off in triumph.

Esther said: "Louise, dear, a dozen people have been asking for a song. Let us sing 'When shall we three meet again.'"

I assented.

"Cousin Louis, will you play the accompaniment?"

"Surely, yes, ma belle cousin," seating himself at the piano.

I had always liked the song, but to-night when we three were about to depart, it might be forever, and the pleasant associations of the past two years were to be quite broken up, the words seemed instinct with a new meaning.

"When the dreams of earth are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivious shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
There we three shall meet again."

Esther's voice had a quiver of pain in it, and I felt my eyes growing misty. "Excellent!" "Beautiful!" "So appropriate!" were some of the commendations we heard when it was ended.

Esther shook out her filmy skirts, and passing an arm about my waist, said, "Come, Louise, let us go up to our room. I think it is time for me to change my dress and go. Where is Lilly, I wonder?"

I glanced about in search of her, but she was not to be seen, and we went up to No. 5 without her. It was a large, pleasant room, and we three—Esther, Lilly and I, the triangle, as the other girls had dubbed us—had occupied it together for two years. Esther's trunks were standing there, locked and strapped. Everything belonging to her had been packed excepting the dress she wore, and her travelling attire, which was laid out on the bed, ready to put on; for Mr. Rivers had brought a carriage, and Esther was to go to the city to-night. Next week she would go to Newport, chaperoned by a fashionable dame of Mr. Rivers's acquaintance, and in September father and daughter were to embark for Europe.

To me it seemed a very brilliant programme. We had often talked it over together; and to-night, standing there by the window, we recalled the many plans we had both made for the future, and promised each other—it was very foolish, I know, but then we were only schoolgirls—that whichever should chance to be married first, the other would attend as bridesmaid.

One by one the girls stole in to say good-bye—all except Lilly, who had not come, but was probably waiting below.

We went down at last. Mrs. Howe, and Mr. Rivers, and Doctor Stanton were in the hall. Lilly came immediately, with Mr. Mayne, and put up her tearstained face for a good-bye kiss. Mr. Rivers shook hands with us all; Louis Mayne lifted his hat with the grace of a duke. Esther was handed into the carriage, it dashed off, and the triangle was a triangle no more.

Going up to our room after the guests had all departed, I was not surprised to find Lilly Hayse crying as if her heart would break. She crept into my arms like a grieved child, saying in a weary, desolate way—

"Louise, it seems to me as if—if I don't care to live any longer!"

Poor child! I did not understand then; but long after I comprehended it all.

Lilly had no home ties, I knew. Her father was far away in India; and she had no other relatives. So the next day, I prevailed upon Mrs. Howe to let her go and spend a month or two with me. My father, though not wealthy, was in easy circumstances. My home was a pleasant one, and I knew that the dear ones there would welcome this pale-faced little friend of mine cordially. Our preparations were speedily made, and a few hours of travel by railway brought us almost to my father's door.

I was born in the "deep green country," so it was level meadows and wooded slopes, and all the sights and sounds of genuine country life, that greeted us as we stepped out of the little hot wayside depot, and met my three brothers—a noisy group who greeted me in hearty, boisterous boy fashion; while papa called me "his little girl, as he always did, and shook hands with Lilly, saying, "Glad you came with Louise, my dear," and mamma kissed us both warmly. Verily it was pleasant to be at home once more.

I took long walks and rides after that; went blackberrying, romped with the boys, and altogether enjoyed myself after a fashion that Mrs. Howe would have pronounced in her calm way, "rather unladylike, Miss Louise." But Mrs. Howe was not there to see and be shocked, and I liked this free life after the restraints of school. It was so nice to be at liberty to come and go when and where one pleased.

After awhile a letter came from Esther. It was dated at Fairview, Mr. Rivers's country-house, and ran something in this wise:

"My dear Louise—We have had such an accident. The very day after we came here, the carriage horses ran away, and papa was almost killed. He is better now, thanks to Doctor Stanton, who has been very attentive, and kinder than I can tell you. I don't know what I *should* have done that dreadful day, but for him. The servants were rushing about, and the neighbors one and all, begging me to be calm, which, of itself, was enough to drive me distracted; and there lay papa on the bed, white and still as if he were dead.

"When Doctor Stanton came, I was shaking with terror. He said, so quietly and gently—'Don't be frightened, my child. Mr. Rivers is badly hurt, but he will not die.' I cannot tell you what a relief his words were; and when he led me into another room and put me into a rocking-chair, as if I had been a child, and whispered me to trust him, and not alarm myself needlessly, I felt as if I *could* trust him with anything in the world.

"Papa insisted that I should go to Newport with Mrs. Ware, as we had intended; but I asked him if he thought I would go away and dance and make merry while he was suffering at home; and he consented at last that I should stay if I wished to.

"Cousin Louis has gone with Mrs. Ware and her party. Bella Ware writes me that he is the most popular man at the springs. He *has* winning ways, you know; and Bella says he is breaking feminine hearts by the score. Oh! shame on a man who can put his gifts and graces to so ungenerous a use. Shame on him! if he *is* my cousin.

"Do you know, Louise, I have a faint suspicion that papa wishes me to marry Louis, some day. I wonder if the idea strikes you as strangely as it does me—the idea of marrying my cousin, though, to be sure it is cousinship twice removed. But I don't regret in the least my decision about staying at home. I think papa is glad to have me with him; and Doctor Stanton looks at me as if he thought I had done right, and I want his approval, Louise."

Lilly was standing near while I read this letter. I handed it to her when I had finished, thinking it would please and interest her to hear from Esther. She read it through to the end, and handed it back to me without speaking; but her face was white as death, and she shivered in the sultry summer air. Like a flash the truth dawned upon my mind. Lilly had lost her heart to Louis Mayne; and he—had been simply amusing himself.

You might possibly wonder how she could have been so foolish. I did not. I knew the man's power—the bewildering beauty of feature, the winning smile, the charm of voice and manner; and had often secretly wondered at the tact which enabled him to adapt his manner so exactly to the mood and temperament of the person he was addressing—sometimes grave and respectable; sometimes witty; sometimes careless; sometimes tender—always fascinating. Recalling it all and looking at Lilly's anguish-stricken face, I thought of Abaddon, the Fiend.

That night Lilly told me all—first exacting a promise that I would never breathe a word of it to any one while she or Louis lived—clinging to me as if I was the only friend she had in the world—murmuring at last, "If papa were only here."

Day by day she grew paler, her step slower, her smile more faintly sweet. Papa and mamma grew alarmed, and insisted on sending for a physician. He looked very grave when he came and advised papa to write to Mrs. Howe and Mr. Hayse.

I knew that Lilly had written to her father, begging him to come home.

At length he came, a tall, handsome man of thirty-eight, his fair complexion browned by the sun of India. My heart ached for him as he held his daughter in his arms and kissed the white forehead so soon to wear a heavenly crown.

And one cold, starlight night in midwinter, when the snow lay white and deep over the earth, she died.

I think she was glad to go. A stronger woman would have battled with this sorrow, and in time, perhaps, have overcome it; but Lilly was not a strong woman, and it killed her.

She never spoke the beloved name but once, and then it was whispered so low that no ear but mine heard it. "Pray for him, Louise. Pray for me that I may meet him again up yonder." Her face brightened just at the last—was it a beam from the glorified presence of God, whom living she had tried always to serve?

She looked round and smiled on us all. "It is coming. Good-bye, dear friends. Good-bye, Louise. Good-bye, papa," and the light died out suddenly—a great shadow fell on the white face. For her there was no more sorrow.

Mr. Hayse lingered long at our house. When at last he went he held me close to his breast and kissed me, whispering softly, "My dearest! My darling Louise!"

Do you comprehend, oh, reader? Do you understand how I came to love this man who had been once married, and was twenty years my senior? I can only tell you that I *did* love him—that he was dearer to me than all else on earth. And when the period which custom gives to mourning had expired I became his wife.

But Esther was not my bridesmaid. She had written to me when on the eve of embarking for Europe, saying that it was very uncertain when she should return; it might not be for years; it might be never. I received other letters from her after this, dated at London, at Milan, at Rome—then I heard from her no more. I thought of her often, however, and when, a bride of four weeks, I first stood on the shores of the old world, I wondered whether in my wanderings I should ever meet Esther.

We travelled over England, wandered through Germany, loitered in Italy, and finally stopped at Paris, the Magnificent. A call on the American Minister, then we were presented at Court, and were soon floating on the tide of gayety that surges forever through the French Capital.

It was at a ball given by the Princess R———— that I first saw Esther.

I was listening idly to the music, observing the lovely toilettes, and talking between whiles to a young scion of nobility beside me, when she passed, leaning on the arm of the old Duke of P———, and my companion said, "That lady is a countrywoman of Madame's."

Whether she heard or whether it was only by accident that she turned her head to look at me I cannot say. One glance was enough. She knew me instantly—as I did her—and came up with outstretched hands.

"Louise Ellis!"

"Mrs. Hayse, if you please," I replied, smiling.

"You are married? Allow me then!" and bending she saluted me in true Parisian style.

But, somehow, I missed the frank sincerity of the girl I had known. The finished elegance of manner which long and familiar intercourse with the best European society had imparted did not take the place, in my mind, of the old cordial friendliness, and conceal it as I might try to do, even from myself, I was disappointed in her.

She presented her companion, and introduced me to many of the *grande dames* present while I listened like one in a dream to her brilliant conversation, and saw the attention paid to *la belle Americaine*.

"Papa and Louis were not here to-night," she said as we met in the dressing-room. "May I come and see you to-morrow? I want to have a long, old-fashioned talk."

Of course I assented readily. I was curious to know how much she was really changed; whether *anything* remained of the friend I had known and loved.

She came according to promise, and with her Mr. Rivers and Louis Mayne. Neither of the gentlemen seemed much changed. Mr. Rivers was too old, and Louis Mayne had been an European traveller before I had ever seen him. The greatest change was in Esther. Dress and voice and manner, all were altered. I had parted from her a handsome, true-hearted girl. I met her a brilliant woman of the world, beauti-

ful, polished, witty, and heartless; at least I believed so.

The gentlemen made merely a brief morning call, and when they were gone I took Esther up to my room.

CHAPTER II.

When we were entirely alone she sat down on an ottoman, and laying her rounded arms across my lap, as she had done a thousand times in the old days at Castleton, asked me many questions about Mrs. Howe, and Lilly's death, my father and mother and brothers; my marriage, and the different friends whom we had both known. And while she talked my old confidence in her returned.

I recalled the first letter she had written me after leaving school, and asked her, with a little touch of banter, how it happened that she had not inquired about Dr. Stanton.

A spasm of pain crossed the dark, beautiful face, and her voice sounded hard and unnatural as she said:

"I don't care to know anything about him."

"Why, Esther?" I asked in no little surprise.

"You thought that he and I were good friends, didn't you, Louise? We were once, but that was long ago, and I am trying to forget that time and him."

I thought I could understand how that—in the brilliant, artificial life—she had led for the past two years, she had learned to consult her head rather than her heart; and, prompted by pride, was trampling true love under her feet. I had many pleasant recollections of Dr. Stanton. He was my husband's friend, and my own as well; and the way in which she spoke of him half angered me. Her words seemed to me like a slight cast upon the country I had so recently left. So it was that my voice was a little cold and bitter in its tone as I said:

"You are a grand lady now, Esther—praised and followed by princes and dukes, and it is not strange, I suppose, that you should look down upon a simple citizen of the United States."

"You forget that my father is a simple citizen of the United States," she replied, throwing her head back proudly. "No, no, Louise, you wrong me there. To me there is no land like America—no people like my own countrymen—and I am going home to be married. Louis wants to have the ceremony performed here, but I have set my heart on seeing Fairview first."

"Is *he* to be your husband, Esther?"

"Yes. Papa wishes it; and as for me, it doesn't matter much. Louis is my kinsman, though a distant one, and I think I can live as pleasantly with him as with any one."

There was no light or warmth in her face. She spoke of her marriage indifferently, as if it were the most ordinary affair in the world. It was evident enough that she had no especial affection for the man whatever. To me this state of things seemed dreadful, and there was real distress at my heart, if not in my voice, as I said, hardly thinking *what* it was that I was saying:

"Oh! Esther, what is it that has changed you so?"

Again that spasm of pain crossed her face, connecting itself in some way, in my mind, with thoughts of Dr. Stanton, and I asked again—a little abruptly, I'm afraid:

"Esther, what has Dr. Stanton done to offend you, that you spoke of him in the way you did?"

She was white now—white to the lips—but she answered my question—that question which I had no right to put—and with her next words I began to see how cruelly I had misjudged her.

"Willard Stanton has not 'offended' me in the sense you mean, but he robbed me of all faith and trust. He caused me the greatest sorrow of my life."

She paused.

"Do you love your husband, Louise?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"With all your heart?"

"With all my heart."

"You cannot care more for him than I cared for Willard Stanton, yet he proved to be unworthy the regard of any honorable woman."

"Esther! Esther! There must have been some dreadful mistake!" I ejaculated in pain and astonishment.

"No—there was no mistake. Would to God there had been! The proof was clear and convincing. I could not doubt the evidence of my own senses."

"I cannot understand at all," I replied, hardly knowing what to think, only feeling sure of one thing, and that was that there was a mistake somewhere, if one could only find where it was. There was nothing equivocal or untruthful about this woman; her word was good as gold, and I *would* not believe that Willard Stanton was such a man as she thought him.

"I cannot understand at all."

"No; you cannot understand until I begin at the beginning. You remember that accident I wrote you about when papa was thrown from the carriage? Dr. Stanton attended him. He was a skillful physician, as you know, and papa liked and trusted him more than any man who ever came to the house—not even excepting Louis.

"You remember his way with women—gentle and courteous always, whether he was speaking to a servant or the President's wife. To me he seemed different from all other men—better, and I learned to watch for his coming, to listen for his step in the hall, to be sorry when he went away, and look forward to the time when he was to come again.

"He was a man, and, having eyes, could not help seeing these tokens of preference, I suppose, though *I* never guessed what the signs meant. But one day I was helped to a view of my own heart.

"Papa's library was a very large and fine one, and Dr. Stanton had a standing invitation to spend as much time as he chose in it.

"I happened to go into this room one day, not knowing that the doctor was there, or that he was in the house at all. He was absorbed in his book, and in a spirit of mischief I stole up behind his chair, and putting my hands over his eyes, bade him guess who it was.

"'Miss Esther,' he said; and quick as a flash, before I could get away, he turned half-way round, passed his arm about my waist, and kissed me. I tried to break away from him, but he held me fast for an instant, then suddenly released me, whispering: 'I will not hold you against your will. Do you want to leave me, darling?'

"I stood still, a little way from him, covering my burning face with my hands. He did not offer to touch me again—only looked at me with his dark, earnest eyes, saying tenderly:

"'I am waiting for you, dear. If you love me, come.'

"I knew then that I *did* love him. I longed to belong to him, to be with him always. Oh! Louise, these are shameful words for me to say, but they are the truth. God forgive me! how I loved that man! And all the time—oh! Louise, I can't tell you *that* yet.

"If I had known then what I knew afterward, I should not have done what I did then—went to him and laid my head on his shoulder. His arms closed about me tightly; he drew me down on his knee, giving me passionate kisses, that thrilled down, down to my heart. I didn't know then, Louise, that his kisses were infamy, shame, to me."

Was she going mad, my poor Esther—or *what* did these strange words mean? Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes burning, and her hot hands held mine so tightly that I could almost have cried out with pain. But I would not interrupt. I must hear the end of this strange story.

"He made me kiss him, and then—not before—he told me in words how well he loved me. A woman had deceived him once, he said, and he had vowed that he would never again make a declaration of love until the lady had first confessed her affection for him, but now he was the happiest man in the world.

"I'm telling you this, Louise, as if it was all true. I *thought* it *was* true then. I believed him when he said it with his arm around me, and his heart beating so close that I could feel every throb. I don't know how long we sat there. I only know he said that I was to be his cherished wife, if papa would give me to him—he would ask him as soon as he was a little better,—and murmured something in my ear, a term of endearment that made me somehow draw closer to him with a kind of still happiness. Oh! Louise, he seemed so true then, and I found him so false!

"The very next morning a woman called to see me, bringing with her a little child. A young woman she was, hardly older than I, and a foreigner. Her name was Nina Montine, she told me in her soft voice and pretty broken English. I thought it pretty then, but since that day I have loathed the musical accents of Italy. I cannot tell you all she said, but before she went away I knew that Willard—my Willard—was mine no longer. That pretty Italian woman had the best right to his love. The dark-eyed little boy was his child!"

All the shame and bitter anguish of that day was in her face now, and she talked, forcing herself to tell me all—and I realized then to what deeps of suffering this woman's soul had gone while my bark had floated in still waters. I could understand how worse than death this discovery must have been to her, to *her* so true herself, so generously trustful of others, too proud to act or speak a lie. Her hot hands still held mine as she went on, speaking slowly, as if every word hurt her.

"'Lady, you are beautiful and wealthy,' she said. 'I have nothing—not even my good name. In my anger and jealousy, I intended to expose him to the presence of your father and the servants. But you are not to blame. You did not even know of my existence; so, to spare your feelings, *I* come to warn you privately.' I don't know what answer I made, or, indeed, whether I made any at all. I felt stunned and bewildered. The baby smiled up in my face as I bent over him. I kissed his innocent forehead once, and made a motion toward the door. The woman understood—she gathered her child up in her arms, and went silently out. When she had gone I went up to my own room and locked myself in.

"After a while I heard Willard's firm step in the hall, on his way to papa's room. I shivered when I heard it, thinking how often I had listened for that very step. It was weakness, madness, I knew, but I felt, even then, as if I *must* go to him—as if one touch of his hand, one kiss from him, would blot out all of that dreadful story I had heard. I was possessed with a mad impulse to throw myself into his arms and tell him what that woman had said, and ask him which of us he loved best.

"I was not myself then, or I should never have dreamed of such a thing. My senses returned to me in time to save me the degradation of such a step.

"When Dr. Stanton came out, I heard him inquiring for me. I sent down a card with a line pencilled upon it, saying that 'I could not see him, and he must never ask to see me again.' He sent it back, inquiring, 'Is this a dismissal? What have I done? Please let me speak to you.' But I was inexorable. I *dared* not see him, lest, hearing his voice, looking into his eyes, I should not have courage to tell him that we must never meet again. It was easier to write the words than to speak them. 'I never will be your wife,' I said. 'I could not trust you. If you have *any* honor do not importune me farther. It is utterly useless.' I could commit a murder now more easily than I wrote those lines then. I heard him return to papa's room. They were closeted together half an hour—then Willard went away, and I have never seen him since.

"Papa told me at dinner that day, that Doctor Stanton had given notice that he could not attend him any longer, as business called him to the West. But the arm was getting on so well that daily visits were no longer necessary, he thought; and he could recommend his partner, Dr. Slater, as a competent surgeon, who would do as well. He would speak to Doctor Slater if Mr. Rivers wished, and give him all necessary data in regard to the case. 'So you see, puss, Dr. Slater will be here to-morrow instead of Willard Stanton.'

"He never knew *what* business it was that called Dr. Stanton so suddenly to the West.

"Papa improved very fast, and in September we came to Europe. I've been everywhere, and seen the lions, as people say, but I'm dreadfully tired of it all, and I want to get back to America."

A few more weeks of gayety, and we all embarked together for New York. Never went wearied child more gladly to the arms of its mother, than did Esther to her old home.

Louis Mayne was a very attentive lover. He was one of those persons who value a thing just according to the value placed upon it by other people, and the difficulty of obtaining it. In the old days, though not at all rude or impolite to his cousin, he had been careless and indifferent. But now that princes and dukes had thought it worth their while to seek her favor, and republican society, in general more enthusiastic but not quite so discriminating as that of the Old World, was at her feet, his manner had undergone a radical change.

As for Esther herself, she rode and danced and sung and laughed and talked as brilliantly as she had done in the *salons* of Europe. Listening to her gay sallies, I sometimes wondered what difference it would have made in her life if that love affair with Dr. Stanton had terminated differently.

She never referred to the subject, and my lips were sealed. And in the summer, when painters and glaziers and upholsterers had done their work at Fairview, its doors were thrown open to visitors, Mrs. Ware once more summoned to play propriety, and invitations issued for a grand wedding reception.

There were a dozen pleasant people invited to spend the previous two weeks: three or four bridesmaids that were to be, and several intimate friends of different parties. Mr. Rivers and Esther insisted that Mr. Hayse and I should join them. Henry laughed, and asked the bride-elect what he should do among tulle and satin and lace and flowers; but she would listen to no excuses, and we went.

The days passed swiftly away,—bringing the evening before the wedding. It was a lovely, moonlight night, and most of our party were either walking in the grounds or lounging about the steps enjoying the delicious quiet. I was old-fashioned enough to prefer the society of my husband to that of any one else, and we were sauntering down one of the walks engaged in idle, careless talk, when a woman robed in white, with long, black hair falling over her shoulders, sped swiftly across the path before us, and disappeared among the evergreens. I stopped in alarm. The wild, white face, the ghostly attire and noiseless step, were terribly suggestive of a supernatural visitant, and it was only by a powerful effort at self-command that I refrained from screaming.

"What was that, Henry?" I inquired.

"I don't know, dear, he returned. "Probably some poor creature who has lost her reason. Don't mention the circumstance to any one—it will only create a panic among the women. I will speak to Mr. Rivers privately and at once, and advise him to have the grounds searched."

We went quietly back to the house. I sat down upon the steps, while Henry stood near, waiting for a favorable moment to speak to Mr. Rivers. Louis Mayne and Esther were walking arm-in-arm up and down the long avenue leading from the front door to the great gate, or rather, not from the front door itself, but from the lower side of the grassy area before the door—and the moonlight fell over them in a flood, lighting up every burnished thing about them, from the single ring that sparkled upon Louis's hand to the ruby clasp at his companion's waist.

I thought I had never seen Esther look better than she did this night, with a Spanish mantle of black lace thrown carelessly about her shoulders, and carried up over her head, while a single diamond blazed like a star on her forehead. Involuntarily as I looked at her I repeated a couplet I had seen somewhere when I was a child.

"Queen Esther comes, in royal state,
To save the Jews from dreadful fate."

They had gone down to the lower end of the avenue, had turned, and were gradually nearing the house, when a white-draped figure glided from a clump of shrubbery beside the path. There was a gleam of steel, a blow, and Louis Mayne fell, the life current gushing from his side.

Half a dozen persons had witnessed the deed, but before any one could reach the fallen man, or his attempted murderess, she had withdrawn the tiny dagger, and was about to plunge it into her own breast, when Esther caught the uplifted hand, and wrenched the weapon from her grasp. There was a rush of hurrying feet, screams of affright from the women, low exclamations of horror from the men, and amid it all Mr. Mayne was lifted and borne into the house, while the madwoman—for mad she evidently was—was secured and locked into one of the upper chambers.

I heard Mr. Rivers giving hurried directions to his servants.

"Bring Doctor Stanton and any other two surgeons that you can find quickest. Ride for your lives."

His instructions were obeyed, and in an incredibly short time the three medical men arrived. Mr. Rivers met them at the door.

"This is a dreadful affair, gentlemen," leading the way to where the wounded man lay. Doctor Stanton bowed silently to the frightened group gathered there. By his orders the room was presently cleared of all excepting two or three reliable persons. There was a careful examination, a grave consultation.

Louis looked at them firmly.

"Doctor Stanton, you need not tell me that I am dying. I know it already." Whatever else this man might have been, he was no coward. "Call them all in again, please. I have an act of justice to perform. Bring Nina, too. I drove her mad, poor little girl. From first to last I have no one but myself to blame for this night's work.

His request was complied with. The doors were opened, and the anxious men and women who had been excluded, came silently in and gathered about the bed.

Two servants brought in the Italian woman whom he had called Nina. She did not struggle or resist, but went passively wherever she was led. Her insanity was of a quiet type, evidently, only at long intervals breaking out into violence. She paid no attention to any one—kept repeating, in a pitiful, heartbroken way, "The poor baby is dead. The poor baby is dead."

Esther was standing beside me when Nina was brought into the room. She caught my wrist, and whispered hoarsely,

"Louise, am I awake or dreaming? That is the woman that came here two years ago to warn me of Willard Stanton."

I did not speak. There was no need; the tragedy was drawing to a close.

"Nina, do you know me?"

It was Louis Mayne who spoke. The woman started, drew nearer, and bent over him, murmuring in caressing tones,

"Louis, mia carrissima!" Then, quickly as it had come, the smile died away, and she clasped her hands, repeating as she had done before, her touching lament, "The baby is dead. The poor baby is dead!"

The young man's lips trembled.

"That is what has driven you mad, my poor Nina."

He looked around as if in search of some one.

"Uncle, come here. I have something that I must say to you."

Mr. Rivers bent low to listen. There were a few whispered words, then he lifted his head, saying firmly,

"Yes, I will."

He beckoned Esther to approach. She obeyed, still keeping fast hold of my hand; and at a motion from Mr. Rivers, Doctor Stanton came and stood beside her. Their eyes met in a long, questioning, troubled gaze—then both turned to the dying man.

He raised himself up a little, regarding them earnestly.

"Esther—Willard Stanton—do you remember a summer afternoon, two years ago?—the afternoon of the day before you parted?"

Esther trembled from head to foot, but did not speak. Doctor Stanton answered in a low tone.

"I remember."

"I overheard part of your conversation that day, though neither of you suspected it. Esther was beautiful—and better than that, wealthy. I had lost my own fortune—gambled it away at Baden Baden—and had determined to win and marry Esther. I was not disposed to forego my plan even when I heard from her own lips that she loved you. So the next day I sent Nina out here with a well contrived story—"

"It *was* contrived, then?" broke in Esther.

"Yes, a pure fabrication from beginning to end. I question whether Willard Stanton ever saw Nina before this night. I was her evil genius, poor girl! and the child was mine."

Esther threw up her hands with a gasping, smothered cry, and sank on the carpet at my feet. For the first time in her life, she had fainted. I bent to raise her head, but Doctor Stanton was before me. Lifting her lightly in his strong arms, he carried her to a room in a distant part of the house, preceded by Mr. Rivers, who begged me as Esther's most trusted friend, to come with them. The rest delicately refrained from following.

It was many minutes before she could be roused from that deathly swoon—and before she opened her eyes I had repeated to Doctor Stanton the strange story she had told me in my room in the hotel at Paris. "He played a deep game; but Providence has frustrated it. Thank you, Mrs. Hayse, for telling me this. It makes everything clear." His eyes asked a silent question, and Mr. Rivers's gave a silent answer—not less satisfactory because it was silent. And when at last Esther drew a long, gasping breath, and opened her unconscious eyes, the father stepped aside and yielded his place to the lover.

We, at the farther end of the room, saw the look that leaped into her face when she recognized the man bending above her, heard the word that fluttered over her white lips—"Willard!"

"You'll never forgive me, Willard, for believing that woman's story—"

He did not wait for her to finish—gathered her suddenly close into his arms, and kissed her—

"You loved me once, Esther. Shall we go back and take up our love story where we left it?"

The face that lay against his breast was lifted once—lifted till her mouth touched his, and that was her answer.

"Mr. Mayne is dying," said a servant, in low, awestruck tones. "He would like to see you all."

"I had forgotten him—how selfish I have been," whispered Esther.

The dying man smiled as he saw them come in together. It is said that dying eyes see clearer than living ones, and doubtless he read in the still radiance of both their faces that the long estranged hearts were at peace once more. He gave a hand to each.

"It is all right—at last. Can you—forgive—the pain—and grief—I have—caused you both?"

Doctor Stanton answered, solemnly,

"May God forgive you freely as I do."

"And I, too, Cousin Louis."

It was *her* answer he waited for most eagerly; *her* face he watched most intently. He drew her head down to him, whispering something that no one else heard.

"Esther, you must believe me—above all your father's wealth it was you I loved. It is you I love now—you only."

So near as this girl had come to being his wife—so very near. She shivered as she thought of it.

I think it was part of his punishment to know that. To know that not one throb of her heart beat for him—for him who had played with women's hearts all his life. It was God's justice, maybe, that the cup he had held so often to other lips, he should drink himself, now, to the bitter dregs.

But he did not flinch. Like the fallen archangel, defiant to the last, he faced death and all that might lie beyond, with grim firmness, as one who feels that for him the day of grace is past, and scorns to complain. And when in the gray light of early morning, the watchers stood about the bed, the soul of Louis Mayne went out to judgment.

All this was long ago. There are no ghosts about Fairview now—no ghosts of pain or wrong. Esther queens it right royally there. Esther Rivers no longer, but the happiest wife and mother in the land. She comes to visit me sometimes at my home at the sea-side.

Doctor Stanton and Henry are a second Damon and Pythias—that is if one could possibly imagine those classic worthies as a couple of steady, married men, with a very warm regard *firstly* for their wives, and secondly for each other. Of all men living, next to my husband and those bound to me by the ties of blood, I like and honor Willard Stanton—a man above other men, strong to work for God and the right.

But one side of the triangle is missing. And Esther and I, amid our own home happiness, think often of the old days at Castleton, and of one who so early exchanged the disappointments of this life for the sure joys of Heaven—the sometime pleasant paths of this world for the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem.

And so the "Three" are happy now—two on earth, and one in Heaven.

☞ A very large and rich silver-bearing quartz ledge, named "Plymouth Rock," has been recently discovered and located near the head-waters of Big Creek river, in Lander county, Nevada, by Messrs. G. P. Fitts and L. D. Chilleon. Its out-crop is eight feet wide, and the ore is pronounced by J. T. Currie, Esq., Assayer of Austin, Nevada, the best he has ever seen from Big Creek District. It will undoubtedly prove a big "strike," and is a fortune for twenty men.

☞ An ear of corn was handed to us the other day, Mr. Samuel Morton's crop, about 8 inches in circumference, and a foot in length. Fine specimen of the present season, which all farmers consider unusually good.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "The Foster." "Home." "Hepzebole Warren; or, The Inelegant Name." "Old Stories." "Murder of a Talented Authoress." "Kinlock." "Rose Humphreys." "Allenton Manor." "Icicles." "Drifting Ashore." "All Alone." "The Dying Cavalryman." "Mary."

A NEW STORY
BY
EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, Emerson Bennett, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of The Post.

Such a large number of newspaper readers are acquainted with the merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that we need only make this simple announcement for the present. In a short time we shall probably give the name of the work with which Mr. Bennett designs leading off in his contributions to The Post, and which will probably be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region, which was then generally called by the pioneers of civilization "the dark and bloody ground."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Post will soon enter upon a new year, and, as may be seen by our Prospectus, we have spared no pains nor expense to make it acceptable to our friends. Looking upon each of our subscribers as a personal friend who has long stood by us, we hope for a continuance of their support, and ask as a favor that they will endeavor to send us clubs from among their friends. If each were to send us one name only, it would greatly add to our list, and give us a wider influence for good. No one can be so devoid of influence as to be unable to send one or two subscribers, at least, and we shall count upon our patrons to aid us all in their power. In return The Post will bring forward every feature and attractive power that money and energy can make available. We are resolved that there shall be no paper superior to it in the country.

LOQUACITY.

Some people say a great deal, but seem never to say anything as it ought to be said. They give utterance to thoughts, but without order, aim, or purpose.

Conversation is a rational process just as much as thinking is. As ideas, in every correct train of thought, are connected by natural relations, so words, and sentences, spoken in mutual intercourse, should be nicely fitted together. The world has too large a number of rambling talkers—talkers whose tongues are as fond of change as the veering wind, or the running brook. Their conversation is a tiresome medley of observation, made on topics chosen almost entirely at random, inspired by the moment, and as long lived usually. It is like a medley of odds and ends, many of them pleasing but without adaptation.

We have wonderful men in society, and for that matter women too; beings who are endowed with wonderful power, making the tour of the globe in half an hour, and then for the moon, coming home by the way of the great bear, and southern cross. Wonderful minds! spinning their brains out in this remarkable fashion. Clutching at steam engines, marine cables, reaping machines, and lightning-rods, tossing up "heads" or "tails," making mere child's play of New York city, Niagara Falls, Mississippi, and Pike's Peak, flying so fast from one to the other, as to keep one nervous for fear they lose their equilibrium.

It is really a hazardous matter for one who is accustomed to think profoundly, and accurately, to attempt a conversation with one of this class. It was not long since we had the misfortune to call on one of this species with a message that would only have taken us the fourth part of a minute to divulge, when suddenly a shower of words more formidable than shell, shot, or Minie balls; politeness forbade that we should turn our backs upon the full fire, and with a courage worthy of a better cause, we faced the battery of words to the right of us, words to the left of us, and at last, with no diminution of the charge, we were obliged to beat a retreat, volley after volley pouring after us, down the stairs, rolling through the hall, and into the open street. Our first thought was to write to Barnum, but upon mature deliberation we determined to wait till his new museum should be completed. It is very possible there may be something in advance of this by that time. If not, we shall feel in duty bound to advise him to secure the creature, a pretty, tame animal, and would no doubt feel perfectly at home as one of "the happy family," provided they ever meet again this side the Styx.

Weekly Programme.—This is the name of a new paper, the first number of which is before us. It is a good-looking sheet, and its contents appear to be well selected. It is devoted to a considerable degree to theatrical matters. H. R. Hellier is the editor and proprietor, 431 Chestnut street, Philad.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut street, some beautiful new Music—selected from Meyerbeer's Opera *L'Africaine*. *Voice Music*, by S. Winner, and *Thoughts of Home*, by Archer.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—We always feel grateful to those public spirited citizens who take the hard labor upon themselves of getting up this and other similar annual exhibitions, and hesitate to say anything that looks like blame. But really it does seem to us that the Exhibition last week was somewhat of a failure. It did not compare with the Horticultural Department of the Sanitary Fair. There was a want of picturesque effect and of variety in the exhibition—and the display as a whole looked meagre. Not but that there were many things worth looking at. The "island of tropical plants" was pretty. Some phantom flowers were the finest we have ever seen. The grapes, what there were of them, were fine, some measuring, we see it stated, three inches in circumference. The vegetables struck us as only tolerable. The fruits generally were deficient in quantity. Perhaps we are too exacting. But we do not like to see a falling off in these exhibitions. And if persons cannot be found prepared to devote the necessary time and taste and labor to getting up a display which shall be a credit to the city, we think it would be a great deal better to do nothing. In conclusion we thank the Committee for the tickets sent to us, and trust we shall please them better by this honest notice than by words of insincere praise.

H. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ARTHUR MERTON; or, SINNING AND SORROWING." By CAROLINE E. KELLY. Published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philada. A book for the young, elevated, chaste and pure in its tone; with characters and incidents that make it highly interesting.

"OUR ARTIST IN CUBA." Published by Carlton & Co., New York. Elegantly bound, and printed on fine paper, with irresistibly comic "Cuban pictures" from the pencil of "Our Artist"—Mr. Geo. W. Carleton himself, to whom we cheerfully award the palm of praise as an author, as well as publisher. The volume is beautiful, and does credit to him both as a publisher and an author.

"CARROLL'S NEW PRACTICAL CATALOGUE." Published by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"CARROLL'S LITERARY REGISTER." Semi-monthly. By Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROSE DOUGLASS. By the author of "Family Pride," "Self-Sacrifice," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CITY GOSSIP.

Mrs. D. P. BOWERS has been playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets. She has lost none of her old power, and has been very successful. The Walnut, under the management of the business and stage managers, aided by its new and beautiful repairs, has become quite an ornament to Philadelphia.

Mr. EDWIN ADAMS has followed the successful production of "*Rosedale*" at the Arch Street Theatre, on Arch above Sixth, by his inimitable delineation of The Serf. Few actors have made such progress in the space of a few short years, as Mr. Adams. His pathos, and true, strong feeling, are stirring and natural.

Miss HELEN WESTERN has been playing at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Chestnut above Twelfth.

AT the Musical Fund Hall, Mr. ARTEMUS WARD has given his farewell and touching "Adoo, adoo!" to America for the present. He goes to London to lecture on the Mormons. We would like to be present at his first appearance before an Old World audience, just to see how the English will receive his peculiar style of wit and humor.

BLIND TOM, the negro pianist, has been creating quite a sensation in our good old city. He is indeed a remarkable specimen of humanity. Blind from his birth, deficient in every quality that could place him in the category of rational beings, he still possesses to a wonderful degree, that musical talent which is unsurpassed in our country. Blind Tom can play the most difficult pieces after hearing them once, and what is most singular, can remember them afterwards. He does not understand the science of music, his knowledge being confined to a simple recognizance of the sharps, flats and naturals when played, and which he can readily call by name, no matter how many are sounded at the same time. He will accurately name each note. One of his peculiarities is a decided aversion to ladies. He will not listen to music played by a lady if he can help it. He is about seventeen years old, repulsive in feature, but slender and rather graceful in form. He is restless and odd—when not engaged at the piano, constantly cutting antics, like a monkey.

How Paddy Won his Potteen.

Paddy Mallone belonged to Capt. M.'s company in a certain Rhode Island regiment. Capt. M. liked an occasional dram himself, and therefore could not consistently deny his men that in which he himself indulged.

One day when Paddy was on guard, he felt "thirsty," and seeing his captain approaching, accompanied by a lady, he resolved to present arms, a salute which he had no right to offer to any one but the officer of the day, or a field officer.

Accordingly, when Capt. M. reached Paddy's post, the latter carried his resolution into effect, when, instantly halting, the officer angrily exclaimed—

"Why do you present arms to me, sir? You know that I am not the officer of the day."

"I beg yer pardon, sir," returned Paddy, obsequiously, "it is not to yersilf, sir, it's to the fine-looking lady wid ye, shure, that I presinted arms."

Paddy got his whiskey as soon as relieved.

☞ TROUBLE.—You are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A man is not worth a snap that has not had trouble. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your sufferings will be only here and there little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

☞ A cave, nearly as large as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has recently been discovered about ten miles from Fort Ruby, California. It was found to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The ceiling, or arch, is fifty feet high.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Wild Cherries—Wag-Tails—Ichneumons—Hum-Bugs—Bobbing For Eels—Shocking Accidents—Night Attacks.

While edible roots were everywhere abundant throughout the whole of that extensive Buenos Ayrean region known as *el Pays del Diavo*, it was rarely indeed that we found fruits of any description—nothing, in any degree better than the wild North American crab-apple, except in the extreme southern portion of the territory; and there, along the banks of the Rio Colorado, in about the parallel of 40 south latitude, we found cherries in abundance, and of finer flavor than I remember to have ever eaten elsewhere.

At the distance of about three leagues from the coast, on the north bank of the Colorado, are the ruins of a fort, and some faint traces of Monsieur Joumon's early French settlement—abandoned these hundred years and more, and all over the site of the town and fortifications we found a very forest of cherry trees, ladened with delicious fruit of the black, Garronne variety.

This cherry was doubtless introduced by the French colonists, and since that time they have been scattered in a belt of from three to five leagues in breadth a distance of perhaps ten leagues inland along both sides of the stream.

The Rio Colorado, from a few miles above the site of the old French colony, so far as we traversed its course, possesses the same characteristics as nearly all the other streams of this region—low, grassy, or rather reedy banks, shallow, a firm, even bottom of beautifully variegated pebbles, and a current apparently a great deal too rapid for so level a country.

It was along the upper Colorado that we first saw, and made the acquaintance of a queer sort of bird that no one of us had ever seen anywhere else. Our medical *savant* called the bird *Rhea Coloradocus*, and perhaps the doctor was right. At all events, Captain Cator, our nautical commentator, declared that the thing was a Colorado-*cuss* if it was anything.

The bird is about the size of a medium hen-turkey, but has a great deal longer legs and neck, very small wings, so that its flight is rather a prodigious long leap than a proper flight. The head is formed much like that of the turkey, only it is quite double the size, entirely bare of feathers and covered with a hard, rinkled skin of a dull lead color. The bill is black, very stout, five to six inches in length, and sharp as a pair of steel dividers. With this weapon the bird spears its fish prey with astonishing precision, scarcely ever missing its object, and the dart is so instantaneous as to often cheat the eye. Very frequently when we would declare that the bird had but nodded his head slightly, he would exhibit in his bill a fish that he had struck eighteen inches perhaps beneath the surface.

The bird, in color, is of a dull brownish purple on the back and sides, fading into a pale, dirty ash-color underneath and on the breast, the plumage being rather a ragged, coarse down than feathers. The feet are not webbed, but very like those of the turkey, only a great deal larger in proportion to the size of the bird. But it is the tail that is the oddity, and distinguishing characteristic of the queer creature.

This appendage is a long, flat tuft of well, not quite feathers, nor yet entirely down, but more like coarse, stiff hair of a dusky white color; and this tuft, whether the bird is fishing, on the run, or standing entirely at ease, is everlastingly on the wag from side to side, as unceasing, and almost as regular as the swing of a clock pendulum. The birds are not numerous, but sometimes there would be perhaps twenty of the oddities all wading and wagging, in sight at once, and the spectacle would be most ridiculously grotesque.

We soon made the discovery that the queer water-wag-tail, or as Captain Cator persisted in calling him—Colorado-*cuss*, afforded as white, sweet, and delicate flesh as a well-bred spring chicken; and having acquired that knowledge, it was a dangerous practice thereafter for a wag-tail to so far forget himself as to remain within range of our rifles. Nevertheless, many of the careless fellows did so, and many a delicious wag-tail pot pie, fricassee and stew, we fabricated along the banks of the Buenos Ayrean Colorado.

All along the belt of cherry forest, and a good many leagues beyond it in the interior, we found the ichneumons exceedingly numerous, and sometimes excessively annoying, particularly at night when the thieving little vagabonds would steal into camp in spite of the utmost vigilance of our dogs, and go poking their mischievous noses about among ourselves and provender, in search of something they liked—and I believe the little nocturnal thieves took very naturally to whatever we liked ourselves—except our brandy—I never saw them meddling with that.

Oftentimes something, as if a small pig was rooting away very gently at one of our pockets, would arouse us in the middle of the night, and at the first motion we would make, in a second there would be a sharp, short cry like that of a young puppy when his ear is severely pinched, then a sudden nip as sharp as the bite of a cat, drawing blood and paining intolerably for a few minutes, and as quick as thought after the snap, away would dart an ichneumon, generally up a tree, before a single dog would get his eyes open. But sometimes one of our fleetfooted English retrievers would stop the depredator, and the result would be a short, severe battle, and an ichneumon pot-pie for dinner the next day.

The South American ichneumon is a very different animal from that of India, though he possesses a few of his general characteristics—as for instance, his hatred of all manner of venomous serpents and reptiles, and his inevitable destruction of them whenever he can find them, and he is forever on the lookout for such game. But he never feeds on either snakes or other reptiles, as has been so often asserted. He will eat small birds, and loves fresh eggs dearly, but his principal food is fruits and berries; and the ichneumons of the Colorado revelled in the luscious cherries growing along its banks.

Whoever has seen the raccoon of the United States knows very nearly how the South American ichneumon looks, on the latter is a something smaller animal, with longer legs, tail, ears, and a very long, pointed nose.

Among the cherry trees of the Colorado, we first made the acquaintance of the only real, natural humbugs in the insect world that I had ever seen, and as I have never seen the bug anywhere else, or heard of his inhabiting any other locality, my own conclusion is that he is exclusively a Colorado hum bug.

It was a great, green beetle, quite an inch in length, nearer square than round, six prodigious long legs, wings like those of the "devil's darning needle," fibrous and transparent, and two brown antennæ, very stout, and considerably longer than the wings.

At night, these green humbugs would come out awing, as soon as it was dark, and until midnight or after, there would be an unceasing hum, or rather a sharp, shrill whistle, like the *ping* of a minie bullet, and during the four or five hours' concert, it would frequently happen that we were obliged to raise our voices to a rather high key to make ourselves understood. It was as if a million of forty-horse power musquitoes had been all piping in our ears at once. One of the singularities of the concert was, that the humbugs all acted in concert, every one of them shutting up his shrill *ping* at the same instant, and not another *hum* would there be heard that night.

These singular beetles were as elastic and almost as tough as a bit of gum elastic itself, and this peculiar quality suggesting an idea to our M. D. one day, in his examination of a number of specimens which he had caught, he set about acting upon the idea thus born of a bug directly.

The river abounded with eels, of which we had caught several famous fellows with a hook and line, but the doctor's idea was an improvement upon that practice, and it was soon realized. Tying a half dozen or so of his hum bugs to short bits of line, he attached them at short intervals along his long fishing-line, and then made a cast in the river, upon the bank of which our tents were pitched. The experiment was a brilliant success, and in less than a quarter of an hour the doctor had hauled out with his novel "bob" eight or ten as fine eels as ever blessed an anxious piscator's expectations.

Our M. D.'s success inoculated the whole party with the fishing fever, and bobbing for eels with humbug bait became a *furore* with us all, for several days and nights, until one beautiful evening, between sunset and dark, by a singular accident, our fever was suddenly changed into an excessively cold chill, that brought on a total suspension of that kind of amusement for quite a week.

"Eels for supper" suggests some one, and forthwith in went our bobs into a nice, quiet pool some twenty leagues up the river, above the point where the eel bobbing had been inaugurated. In less than five minutes there was a general bite and rapid haul in all round, each one ambitious of landing the first eel.

Mrs. Cosmo was the victor, and the first victim, but a half dozen or more of us followed in rapid succession, or all at once. I have forgotten which now, if, indeed, I ever knew. Dona Minnie drew out a pair of walloping, great fellows, and with an exultant cry, proceeded to unhook them, but in doing so, she unhooked herself most essentially—turning almost a backward sommerset in a second, setting up a series of vigorous squeals and going off into a *tarantula* that would have distanced Cubas out of sight. The next instant the doctor took the contagion, and roared and ranted like a crazy bull buffalo. In a wink it was my turn, then Don Pastor's, then Senora Estelle's, then the salt-water captain's, Senor Augustine's, Monsieur Victor's, Miss Bond's,—in a flash, at least a dozen of us had gone stark mad, and were dancing, yelling, tumbling, and plunging about like so many men and women under the influence of a double-distilled attack of St. Anthony's Dance.

At length the spasms abated, and subsiding into soberness, we set about an investigation of the phenomenon. A solution was readily arrived at, and we had a right merry time over the shocking affair. The truth is, we had cast our lines among a nest of conger, or electric eels, and had been severely "hooked in" in attempting to unhook them from our bobs. The lesson taught us caution, and we were cautious thereafter how we came in contact with an electric eel.

That same night, at a late hour, we were startled and surprised again, quite as suddenly as we had been by the conger eels, but it was not ourselves that was the shocked party this time.

Having passed a good ways south of the *guacha* range, and there being no wild animals in the region more formidable than the ichneumon to annoy us, we had been for several nights in the habit of dispensing with our sentinel precautions, and had become quite secure.

That night we were suddenly aroused by the dogs barking furiously, and by the time we had laid hold of our arms and fairly got on our feet, we were set upon by a legion, it seemed, of the wild wandering *Beyadeyros*, a tribe of savages inhabiting the southern regions of Buenos Ayrean territory, and quite as wicked as our Comanches, but nothing near so warlike.

The miserable rascals had made a grand mistake, as they soon found to their sorrow. It was clear, bright moonlight, so that we could see them distinctly, and we were not long in teaching them a lesson with the rifle and revolver that they never forgot while we remained in that region of country, and probably for some years afterwards, as a month later we passed leisurely through the very heart of the region inhabited by them, and a better behaved set of savages were never met with anywhere. Their respect, however, was rather for our weapons than ourselves, but it answered our turn just as well.

☞ STRANGERS TO HIM.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about five years of age. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was gone to Heaven." "Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there!"

IN A country school where there were many old scholars and a young lady teacher, she told one of the young men to give the Imperative Mood of the verb love. He answered, "Love!" and she, to help him along, asked, "Love what?" He immediately exclaimed, "Love you," and jumped as though he had been struck. They said no more about "love" that time, but in a few weeks were married.

☞ A populous suburb of Melbourne, Australia, has been discovered to have been built on a mine of gold, and drifts are being run under the town for the purpose of working it out.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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LADIES IN THE STREET CARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—I am one of these ladies; yesterday, being somewhat hurried, I hailed a car which I suspected to be full, in spite of the assurances of the conductor and several facetious passengers, that there was "plenty of room."

Now I think that when a lady knowingly enters a full car, it is her duty to stand; and this I chose to do in preference to waiting.

Near the door were three quite young and fashionable gentlemen, all wearing the stereotyped look of knowingness, which is at that age easier to cultivate than a moustache, and that mysterious air of understanding among themselves which implies that outsiders are in some way open to unpleasant comment. I felt with annoyance that the necessity of offering me a seat was at present under discussion. Presently one rose, and with supercilious politeness invited me to his place. I declined; assuming my refusal to be mere affectation, he persisted, with a slight exaggeration of manner, exchanging a glance of freemasonry with the others. On my farther refusal, the young person put on a look of chagrined displeasure, and defiantly betook himself to the end of the car, thus putting me in the awkward position of making a scene for strangers' amusement, by standing through the whole journey with an unoccupied seat behind me, or of confirming him in his assumption that all my previous refusals were affectation.

This is one of many instances evincing the same spirit, which I doubt not are experienced by others as well as myself. Now it is an effusive and overpowering gentleman, whose gallantry cannot endure that a lady should stand; now it is a misanthrope, who offers his seat with a furtive sneer, and receives your refusal with an open scowl; now it is a dyspeptic looking person, who rises with a sigh, and continues standing with the injured mildness of a donkey that likes to be abused; now it is an urbane benefactor who keeps on handing you into his seat, regardless of all resistance, because he knows what is best for you; now it is a fidgety conductor, who dances up and down the car adjuring the already jammed crowd to "move up for a lady;" one and all utterly ignoring the fact that the lady has probably a will of her own, and possibly a judgment, and that she has expressed a determination to stand.

A good deal is said about the ungraciousness of ladies in public places, and while I own with sorrow its partial truth, I will take the liberty of making a suggestion or two to the gentlemen. If you cannot relinquish your seat in a car to a lady without betraying that you consider it a grievance, do not expect much gratitude in return; she knows that the offer came not from real kindness, but from a cowardly dread of a public opinion with which you do not agree.

But if you really wish to do a lady this favor, offer your seat respectfully, and, when declined, resume it; if the lady meant what she said, she will feel your belief a compliment; if she did not the lesson will do her good.

ESTE.

☞ HOW SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one, that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar-loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top, and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

☞ The treatment an old bachelor received at a fashionable boarding-house, the last time he had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but of single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some gruel on Monday morning, but which he never got till Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him, save the young gentleman who cleaned the knives, and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "missus would be much obliged if Mr. Skeesicks would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedstead apart."

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY YERNET.

The Chirquiri.

It is probable that one of these days, when the inevitable books that will follow the return of the great, scientific expedition to and through Brazil under the conduct of Prof. Agassiz shall have been published, the public will be put in possession of some circumstantial facts in Brazilian Natural History that at present are very little known.

Among the animals of Brazil that will undoubtedly find a prominent place in the reports of either the professor himself, or some of the attaches of the expedition, is one of the most singular quadrupeds in this world, at the present time, scarcely ever heard of beyond the limits of the empire, though in some portions of it the animal is common enough.

This singular creature is the *Chirquiri* of the Portuguese, *Rodilho Criollo* of the Spaniards, *Baton Grande* of the companieros, and a dozen other unpronouncable names of no use to the beast itself or any one else.

The thing is a *Rat*—a veritable *bona fide* water rat, and therein the companiero in calling the creature *el Baton Grande*—Water Rat, is the nearest right. But for a rat the rodent is a very monster. Few people, I suppose, are prepared to believe that rats exist anywhere in this world four feet in length, and standing as tall as a fair sized Newfoundland dog. But Professor Agassiz, or some two or three of his assistants will one of these days assure the public that there are, and compel the public to believe them too.

In its anatomical structure the *Baton Grande*, as I prefer to call the animal, so nearly resembles the North American Muskrat, that there is not a feature perceptibly different except the coat, which instead of being of fur is a long, coarse, ragged hair—almost bristles, and the tail, which instead of being round, hairless and scaly, like that of the Muskrat, is a great deal shorter in proportion to the size of the animal, wide and flat like that of the beaver, and covered with a finer, closer growth of hair than that of the body or limbs.

Though technically a rodent, with the general habits of the Muskrat, the animal assumes a wide latitude in the matter of his diet, combining the voracity of the wolf, with the piggishness of the hog, devouring without any niceity of choice whatever ailment chance may drift in his way, he being by nature far too indolent to go *far* out of his way to look for food of any kind unless driven by hunger, and that condition very rarely occurs, I think, as I never saw one of the fellows that looked as if he had ever known a day's famine in his life.

He is an ugly, formidable fellow, this monster water rat in appearance, but the terror is altogether in his looks, for he is perfectly harmless, and quite as cowardly as he is innocent of mischief, though it would seem that with his long, sharp incisors, great brawny legs and immense claws, he might fight a severe battle if Nature had only endowed him with a combative disposition.

Though almost invariably very fat, and possessing nothing of the offensive odor of the Muskrat, the flesh of the great Brazilian rodent is utterly worthless, it being coarse, flabby and tasteless, however artistically it may be prepared. So as neither the hair, hide or carcass of the *Baton Grande* are of any earthly value, it will be seen that the fellow is decidedly a worthless rat altogether.

The animal is something shy of the more populous regions, but in some of the deeper, sluggish streams of the interior they are very numerous.

Like the Muskrat of the United States, the animal forages at night exclusively, and in some localities they may be heard almost every moment from sunset to daylight again, plunging into the water and splashing about like great logs of wood rolled overboard.

They have burrows along the banks of the streams like those of the Otter and Muskrat, opening just clear of the surface of the stream, and ascending at a considerable grade as they go into the bank, but they seem to resort to these retreats only when driven thither by some sudden alarm during the day time, as at night they are everlastingly splashing about in the water, and by day as habitually stretched out on the bank sunning themselves, and sleeping away their sluggard existence.

BOSTON and its suburbs, the Traveller says, contains a population of four hundred thousand persons. Its property valuation will reach nearly five hundred millions of dollars (the city alone having $379,000,000.) This vast sum will place Boston as the richest city, *per capita*, probably in the world. The estimation of the people of their own merits and intelligence is beyond the power of ordinary calculation. Boston is not only the hub of the universe, but it is the universe itself; and every excitement of a Bostonian's nerves, he takes to be the immense intellectual activity, which the people of that city is endowed with beyond all others. His brains seem to work almost entirely through his nerves, the energy of the one sometimes being mistaken for the vigor of the other.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ Professor Silliman, having visited the mineral regions, both in California and Nevada, says:—"We cannot count upon the time when mining will cease to be profitable in these hills, while the unparalleled richness of the lodes, the advantages of location on the great Trans-Continental Highway, the vast salt beds so necessary in beneficiating ores with a climate scarcely excelled on the continent; all these, combined, give promise of a bright and prosperous future."

☞ The Pacific Railroad is extending eastward from the shores of the great ocean from which it receives its name, as fast as enterprise, energy, money, and the combined labor of 2,500 able-bodied men can force it. The road-bed is now being constructed through the mountains of Placer county, California, and the locomotive has already reached a point 43 miles from Sacramento, which is 1,800 feet above the sea. By September 1, the rails will be laid to Illinoistown.

☞ About the richest joke of the season is the idea, which has obtained some credence among verdant circles in Europe, that the Government of the United States will assume the rebel cotton liabilities, and pay off the cotton bonds of Jeff Davis.

THE NUN'S BURIAL.

Sister, lie here! While we
Silently weep for thee,
  Thy tears have ceased!
Earth to her bosom mild
Welcomes her tired child;
Mercy on thee hath smiled,
  Thou art released!

Mournful and sad thy doom,
Yet in thy early tomb
  Thou hast found rest!
Well may we envy thee;
Yet, from our toil set free,
We, too, may one day see
  God's will was best.

Peaceful the sunset red
Sleeps on thy narrow bed:
  Thou'rt gone from care!
Hard was thy fate and drear,
Hope doth not enter here,
Too great a boon were *fear*,
  Naught but despair!

Rest we have none nor aim:
Thou didst endure the same;
  Thy task is o'er!
Cold now and still thy heart;
Well didst thou bear thy part;
When may we, too, depart
  Suffering no more?

Great Death hath pitied thee,
Ta'en thee his bride to be,
  Freed thee from pain.
We wait the Bridegroom's call:
Soon may He summon all
Who now surround thy pall
  Weeping in vain!

W. R.

MY TRUST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Dear Mark,—

"I want a partner. Can you come, old friend? The practice is a handsome support for two, and I am the only doctor in the town and driven nearly to death," &c., &c.

This was the momentous sentence in a long letter from my old friend, Tom Chamberlain, that took me from my scanty practice and dismal office in the large town of C——— to a home in the smaller one of Lanestown, where dwelt the M. D. mentioned above. From the time when we had shared apples and peanuts together, through school and college; and until the day when his marriage took him from C———, Tom and I had been fast, firm friends. Five years my senior, his peculiarly joyous and youthful spirit had made Tom young enough in heart and action for congeniality with my juvenile self, even in the apple and peanut days; and as we grew older the difference in age became even less in importance. Twelve years Tom had been a husband when he wrote to me, inheriting from his father-in-law something of the extensive practice to which he referred; but a few short months previous I had received another, black-bordered epistle, telling me he was a widower. I knew something of the agony he suffered, though the letter was brief, and almost cold in expression. Perhaps its very hardness told the story, contrasting as it did with the warm, open tone of all his correspondence. In his future letters he never spoke of her, though each previous one had sung her praises and that of their only child.

It was late on a bright summer afternoon when the hired coach set me down at Dr. Chamberlain's door, and I crossed the little front garden and ascended the steps of the vine-covered porch. My hand was on the bell handle, when the door opened, and a little girl standing in the open space said:

"You are Dr. Temple, are you not? Papa was very sorry not to meet you at the station, but he was called to the other end of the town. He told me to watch for you and make you feel at home. I am Lisa."

I thanked her, and followed her into the pretty parlor.

"Will you lie down on the sofa, or sit in this big chair by the window?" she questioned, taking my hat and cane. "Jane will see to your trunks, and papa will be home to tea."

"I will sit here," I said, taking the big chair, "and you will sit here, close beside me, and make me feel at home, by telling me all about the town and who are your own friends, will you not?"

She seated herself where I had indicated without any shyness, and after a moment of silence she said:

"I cannot tell you much about Lanestown, for I go out very little, and I have no friends. Shall I tell you about some of papa's sick folks?"

I assented, and while in her grave, unchild-like way she told me of the "poor, dear little baby that had such a terrible fall," and "the old blind woman that papa thought was dying," and "the darling little girl going soon to Heaven," I studied the little face.

She was very small, even for ten years old, pale and thoughtful, with intellect written on her broad, white forehead, and the promise of a noble woman's soul looking from her glorious large eyes. Her features were good, her mouth of rare sweetness, but the crowning glory of her face lay in those wondrous brown eyes. Scarcely beyond earliest childhood, her face was earnest and matured far beyond her years. To me it was painful to see her so unchild-like, and her simple black dress, unrelieved by any white, added to the sobering effect.

My first words of privacy that evening when Tom and I sat late in the office were of Lisa. He sighed heavily as he said:

"Her mother was an invalid from the day when this child first lay in her arms, and the little thing was schooled from babyhood to quiet and thoughtfulness. Of course we had a housekeeper when Mary first became too feeble to leave her room, but Lisa was nurse and companion from the first. For eight years Mary never left her room; spine disease, as I wrote to you, ending at last in"—here his voice broke, and he walked up and down for a moment in silence, then he said impulsively, "Forgive me, Mark, for intruding my grief upon you so soon, but you cannot guess what her loss is to me. I think our love and happiness was perfect!"

What could I say? Commonplace words were not wanted here. I drew him down again beside me, and took his hand into a long, close pressure. After a moment he said:

"Lisa never speaks of her. I cannot imagine where the child got her reserve, for Mary was frank and open, and I am a perfect rattle-brain, as you know, by nature. My professional reserve and gravity are all acquired, but Lisa is close-mouthed about the merest trifles. Poor darling!"

Another silence, and then he said:

"Mark, I may as well tell you at once why I have sent for you. Put your ear here, old fellow," and he opened his vest and drew my head down upon his breast.

A few moments later we stood erect, facing each other. What was in my face I cannot say, but my heart was sick with despairing pain. Tom's face was pale, but perfectly composed.

"It will beat for a little time yet," he said quietly, laying his hand upon the heart in whose pulsations I had heard his death warrant, "long enough for my patients to become accustomed to you, and for you to learn to love Lisa. You will take my place here, will you not, old friend?"

I bent my head in assent, choking back a rush of woman's tears.

"And I," he continued, a sweet smile playing round his lips, "go to Mary."

Each day brought its routine now of duty, and I accepted my new position, in my inmost soul praying that I might be worthy of the confidence that was placed in me. Most of all Tom was anxious that I should *love* Lisa. To have left this darling of his own and his lost wife's affection, to a cold, unloving guardian would have been torture to him, and he starved his own heart that I might win hers. To me fell the task of walking with the child and striving to gain from her some token that there was still some youthful feeling left in her saddened little heart.

I bent my whole energies to the task. I made her a swing. I taught her to ride a pony Tom bought at my suggestion. I told her funny stories. I bought her fairy tales; and finally I sent to C——— for a piano and began to give her music lessons. I was passionately fond of music myself, and I soon found how much of the expression in the great eyes was hidden genius.

Six months glided away, and often now rose a sweet rippling laugh upon the air; a little light form gaining strength and buoyancy in the open air flitted about the house with airy grace; a new light, sunshiny and bright, came to a pair of brown eyes, and Lisa was a child. A child of wonderful intelligence and thought, but losing gradually the premature sadness and gravity that had pained me at first, and day by day crept forward a new sorrow for this little loving heart.

It was Christmas day, and we had poured out upon our darling a treasure of pretty gifts, seeing with deep happiness her gratitude and delight. Among her father's gifts was a locket containing his own and his wife's miniature facing each other in the exquisite gold case.

Lisa opened this with a gleeful laugh. As her eye fell upon the pictures the merriment seemed to literally freeze upon her lips. She grew white and still instantaneously, her eyes fastened upon her mother's face.

"Lisa!" it was her father's voice that broke the spell. For a moment her lip quivered, and her frame shook; but with a control of self wonderful in such a child, she conquered the impulse to break into convulsive weeping, and turned her pale face to the loving eyes resting upon her.

He sat down, drawing her little figure close in his arms.

"My darling," he said in a low, impressive tone, "if your dear mother had gone away on a long journey to a beautiful country where she was very happy, and sent for me to join her, could you let me go?"

"Without me?" burst from the white, shivering lips.

"Yes, little one, me alone!"

"Oh, papa, don't! don't! You will not go!"

He grew so pallid that I almost thought he would leave her then, but after a moment he said—

"God's will must be our will, Lisa. He has been very good to me that He has let me know it in time to teach my little girl submission to what *must* come. Lie here, darling, and listen to what papa wishes you to do, when he goes to mamma."

In a sort of stunned silence, awed by his still composed voice, she let her head droop down upon his shoulder, and listened.

"Dr. Temple has come here from C———, to take my place to you, Lisa. I ask you to give him the love and duty you would have given me; and above all, I implore you, do not let my death make you too sad. Think of me as very happy with your mother, waiting for you, and you cannot grieve. Keep on with all your studies—above all, your music. And try, my child, to feel *glad* thinking of your parents together. And you," he added, turning to me, "will you accept for life, the trust I give you. Will you take in very truth her father's place to my darling—letting no other love cause you to forget her; watching her happiness and peace even above your own?"

Touched to the heart, I bent down and kissed the little pale face.

"Heaven deal with me as I am true to my trust."

From my inmost soul I said the words, and then went from the room, leaving the father and child alone together.

Two short weeks later, we found him in his bed-room chair, cold and dead, with a smile upon his lips, and his face turned to his wife's portrait.

Seven long years passed away, bringing to our quiet home no other change, save that from a grave sweet child Lisa had developed into a beautiful woman—a woman full of noble, pure impulses, quiet and dignified always, yet under her calm exterior carrying a warm heart, loving and tender, and a soul full of the inspirations of genius. A rare musician, a close student, and a poet born, she seemed set apart from her sex in every pursuit and feeling.

Perhaps the circumstances of her life fostered these peculiarities. Her old housekeeper, who had ruled all household matters during Mrs. Chamberlain's life, had never resigned one iota of her authority, and Lisa was as ignorant of the composition of a pudding or the mysteries of household economy as any maid. Her mornings were spent in study; in the afternoon she walked, rode, or drove; and the evening was given up to music and conversation. She made no friends in the town; and I had gradually let my connection there die out too. I was independent by the death of a wealthy relative some two years after I came Lanestown, and Tom had left Lisa a handsome competency. So I had seen two new physicians establish themselves under my very nose, with profound indifference; and only kept up a gratuitous practice which the new comers showed no desire to wrest from me.

Seven years of closest intercourse with Lisa had not been spent without fulfilling Tom's charge to me. *I had learned to love Lisa.* Not entirely with the fatherly care of her appointed guardian and her parent's friend, but with the whole force and power of a heart untouched before, and won now by daily, almost hourly influence. The wondrous powers of her intellect unfolded before me in her intercourse with me as my pupil, amazed me, and drew forth all my admiration; her music charmed me, and her gentle sweetness drew my heart close into her keeping. I was to her a guardian, her father's friend, whom she had promised to respect and obey, and to whom she gave a child's calm, sweet affection; she was to me the sun of my life.

It was on her eighteenth birth-day that a change came to break the monotony of our peaceful, happy life. Her father's sister, who had sent now and then a short letter to her niece, wrote now from C———, inviting Lisa to spend the winter with her; and enclosed was a little note to me, saying that the invitation was in accordance with one of her brother's last requests.

Of course there was but one course open. Lisa prepared to obey the summons; and I wrote to engage rooms in a boarding-house, where I had spent much of my life before I came to Lanestown.

Once a fierce temptation came over me, then a memory stilled it.

I believed, I believe now, that if I had asked Lisa to be my wife, she would have accepted me, and given me the pure affection of an untried heart; but Tom had said once to me—

"Let her see the world before she marries; and oh! Mark, where she gives her hand, be sure that her heart goes with it."

And I was not sure. There had been no test put to try this slumbering heart; perhaps mine was not the hand to waken the music. So I drove back the desire, and we went to C———.

Mrs. Lafayette Gordon, Lisa's aunt, was *the* leader of fashion in C———. A gay, childless widow, wealthy and handsome; she reigned supreme in the word of high *ton*; and Lisa was to see the gayest of gay life in her long winter.

"She worries me dreadfully, Mark," the child said to me, wearily, after a week at Mrs. Gordon's. "She says I must not stir from the house till I have an entire new wardrobe. And she has filled my room with dry goods; and has three women sewing their lives away for my benefit. As if I cared! Read to me and let me rest," and the beautiful head sank back among the sofa cushions to listen to a new poem I had found that day.

"You will come early on Wednesday," she said, when I rose to leave her. "It is my debut, as my aunt calls it, and I want your assistance, Mark," and she laughed shyly, "I am afraid of it all. I am a very savage, I find in this new world."

I promised all she wished, and left her. How I hated it all. They were going to spoil my child, I said in my heart; polish the sweet natural manner till I should find a fashionable belle in place of my Lisa.

I was early on the momentous Wednesday evening. I found Lisa alone in the brilliantly lighted parlors, admiring the bouquet I had sent her in the afternoon. Even my accustomed eyes were dazzled by her radiant beauty, as I saw it for the first time in a fashionable dress. Evidently Mrs. Gordon understood the art of improving beauty by dress. Lisa's rich brunette charms were heightened by a white watered silk, falling in full folds round her tall, slender figure, and softened by the most exquisite white lace, fastened on the shoulders and in front by clusters of white flowers. With jet black hair, black eyebrows and lashes, eyes of the deepest brown, and full of Southern warmth. Lisa had a complexion of soft creamy texture, not dazzlingly white, but far removed from an olive tint, and fully able to bear the white dress out to show the graceful shoulders and arms. Diamonds glittered in the folds of her raven hair, shone on her throat and arms, and sparkled where the soft lace was gathered in the front of her dress. Excitement, and perhaps a little nervousness had given her a color, an unusual beauty on her face, and the fair idol of all my dreams stood before me more beautiful than I had ever seen her.

The long parlors soon began to fill with the crème de la crême of C——— society. Lisa stood near her aunt, who was handsome and dignified, and wore something blue and white, and was introduced to the guests as they greeted the hostess. In an hour she was a new star.

The grave simplicity of her manner covered any awkwardness the novelty of her position might have made manifest, and her beauty won the warmest praises.

So my darling was fairly launched into the gay whirl of fashion; and I soon saw that she found it interesting and amusing. She became more easy in manner, found subjects for small talk, and handled them well; learned some brilliant, showy music for the ears of those to whom her scientific studies were a sealed book; was engaged all day and evening; in short, was a belle.

To me ever the affectionate ward, she let the many demands of her new life separate us often, and I saw her comparatively seldom, excepting in crowded saloons or ball-rooms where we met frequently.

It was not long before a whisper reached me, that drew my heart into long, long hours of agony. Lisa was courted by many, an heiress and a belle. She was the fashion, and many knelt at her shrine, but there were two whose devotion was more than the mere surface homage every belle receives. Hubert Wainwright and Leon Curtis were cousins; the one, as I knew him later, a noble, honorable man; the other, a crafty villain; both handsome and talented, and both in love with Lisa Chamberlain. It was a race that lookers on speculated upon with interest—a race that I watched with sick apprehension. At last the blow fell.

I had called too see Lisa one morning, and was shown by the servant into the library. Near a window, hidden from the street by the folds of crimson velvet, but sharply defined to me by the same back-ground, stood Hubert Wainwright and Lisa. On the face raised to meet his loving eyes was a glad light, that no other look had ever called into life there. The glorious eyes were tender and happy, a smile, love-born and blissful, was on the perfect mouth, and warm blushes mantled the creamy cheeks.

My darling loved! I would have crept away to hide my misery, but they had seen me, and frankly, as to a loving father, these young hearts poured out their joy to me. I was not old, only seventeen years Lisa's senior, but they evidently looked upon me in the light of a patriarch, and I, with the pain of years of torture growing at my heart, listened, sympathised, and gave my sanction to an engagement. Why not? All the world spoke well of Hubert Wainwright. He was a lawyer, rising in his profession, of ample means, with a spotless character, an ardent lover, and a successful one. I, with Tom's voice ringing in my heart, gave Lisa a smiling approval of her choice, and from my heart prayed a prayer of blessing for her, and then went quietly home, to wrestle there with my own anguish.

For three months all went smoothly. Lisa's face became a perfect sunshine in its unvarying happiness; the spring in her step, and the clear, sweet joyousness of her voice spoke of the rich fountain of love and content her heart carried.

Spring came on, and with the softer air and promise of Nature's newly opening beauties, came, too, nearer and nearer threatenings of war, an unnatural, fierce contending of brother against brother, the one warding from the mother's heart the blow aimed by the other. Lisa threw her whole soul into the cause. By the training of her whole life she was fitted to grasp with more than womanly power the bearings of this threatened rupture, to look beyond the present causes and effects to the stupendous issues hanging upon the future. Daily she watched, her pulse bounding to every item of news, till the echo of Sumter's cannons roused her whole being into one fierce glow of generous indignation.

In the first regiment that left C———, Hubert Wainwright, carrying with him the prayers and sympathy of his betrothed, went forth to battle for his Government and Union.

Lisa still remained at her aunt's, hearing often from Hubert, writing long letters to him, and living a life of strange excitement. Every rumor from the larger cities pouring forth their best and bravest for their country, roused her to warmest enthusiasm, and while her aunt would not allow her to keep herself secluded, it was evident that her heart was with her lover in the camp, longing for the struggle for Right to commence.

It was in May that Mrs. Gordon, having resolved to travel for some months accompanied by Lisa, invited me to join the party as Lisa's guardian, and accepted Leon Curtis for her own escort.

We travelled about until early in July, when we took rooms for the remainder of the season at Saratoga. During these two months of travel it was impossible for me not to observe Leon's devotion to Lisa. At first it was as the betrothed of his cousin, that he claimed a certain position of familiarity, but it soon became evident to me that it was upon his own account he was paying her the homage of a devoted lover. I could but smile to see how utterly unconscious she was of the change. To her he was Hubert's cousin and her aunt's friend, and here was a heart that, once given, could never be recalled. But there came a sort of sad weariness into her face as the weeks wore on, that cut me to the heart. With none of the little feminine time-killers, crochet, knitting, and trifling with silks and canvas, she would wander about our private parlors with a listless, preoccupied air that told of some unrest at heart. I did not question her, but I saw that her share of the mail-bag became less and less frequent, and at last her own letters to Hubert ceased entirely. It was from a full heart she spoke to me at last.

"Mark, do you know anything of the —th? It returned after the three months' service, and Hubert went out again, but—but—I have missed his letter telling me in what regiment he is now. I—did—not—hear from him as often—as I expected."

Gone out again, and had never sought her in the interval between his discharge and re-enlistment!

"And Mark," she continued, "I have lost my engagement ring. It was while we were at Boston, the week before Leon went home for a fortnight. You remember, do you not? The ring was always too large, but Hubert thought it could not be altered without taking out one of the diamonds. I must have drawn it off with my glove. Oh! Mark, if we could only go home, away from all this gayety."

"Do you really wish it?" I asked.

"From my very heart," she said eagerly.

So, in spite of her aunt's protestations and Leon's despair, I took her to Lanestown, and we settled down to the monotonous routine of early days. But the old peace would not come back. Lisa was restless and unhappy, and books and music had lost their attraction for her. As soon as we were settled, I went to C———, and found that Captain Wainwright had gone to the front again with the 40th ——— Volunteers. I wrote to him, pleasantly and kindly, telling him of our regret at not seeing him during his visit home, and giving him Lisa's present address. In answer, I received the following note:

"It is evident that Miss Chamberlain has not confided to you her faithlessness. The proofs were before me while I was at C———, and I now assure you, as she has convinced me, that all engagement between us is over forever. It is useless to write me again; I have now a staff appointment, and no letter directed to the 40th will reach me."

I gave Lisa the letter.

"What can he mean?" she said piteously. "*My* faithlessness, when every pulse of my heart beats for him! Is *he* false, Mark?" she added a moment later. "True friends—we will forget him, as he wishes." And she tore the letter to atoms, and then came like a tired child to rest her head on my shoulder, and let me stroke her hair and soothe her by quiet caresses.

My darling! She tried to forget, but it wrung my heart to see how pale and wan she became, and how sick her poor tortured heart grew under its pressure of pain. Then I remembered how I had won her when a child, to forget her first heavy sorrow, and with only her peace for my hope of reward, I tried once more to win her from grief.

One little episode here. We had been at home nearly three weeks, when Mrs. Gordon and Leon came to visit us. Again Leon renewed all his lover-like ways, and after a month of unremitted wooing, laid his heart at Lisa's feet, to take it back after her firm, gentle rejection of the offering. He left us, but Mrs. Gordon remained to recruit for a new winter of conquest.

The summer passed very quietly, and slowly a sort of enforced peace came back to Lisa. She had buried her love far away, and she was not one to raise her dead and mourn over them. A gentle sweetness, sad, yet tender, was in her every word and action, and if I had loved her in her girlish days, I worshipped now her womanly loveliness.

Finding employment necessary, she had coaxed lessons in sewing and crochet-work from Mrs. Gordon, and made Mrs. Jones, our housekeeper, initiate her into the mysteries of housekeeping, moving about the house with quiet steps, beautifying whatever she touched, spending whole days in preserving and pickling, and every now and then challenging my admiration for some triumph of needlework.

In the winter Mrs. Gordon carried her away to C——— again, while I remained at Lanestown and devoted every hour to the study of surgery previous to applying for a commission as surgeon in the army.

In the spring my darling came back to me. It was the first evening of her return, when laying her head down on my breast, she said, sighing:

"I will not go to C——— again. There is no place like home, no friend like Mark. We will stay here—shall we not, dear guardian?"

Then I told her my love, and she answered me:

"You know all! If you will take this heart that carries a dead love, but is full of warm affection for you, knowing that the first feverish romance is over, it is yours. I will be your true, faithful wife, Mark."

It was hard to go away after this, but she had known all my plans, and would allow no change in them. So, after two months of most precious love and trust, months to me of perfect happiness, I left her, appointed regimental surgeon of the 104th ——— Vols. I am not writing a history of the war, so I spare my readers the details of my life as an army surgeon. Abler pens than mine bring such scenes home to us. My letters from Lisa were frequent, long and affectionate, and I wrote whenever an opportunity could be seized.

Winter came upon us, and the last day of the year found me covered with blood, weary and busy working for the wounded as they poured into our tents after the battle of Murfreesboro.

The New Year's sun was rising, when after a short rest and sleep, I started out for the day's duty among the wounded. Some two miles from the battle-field was a large barn, into which many of the most desperate cases had been carried; it was here that I had been ordered to assist my overworked brethren in their task of alleviating the sufferings of our poor boys, groaning out their lives under every torture, sword, shell and bullet could inflict.

I had been some hours busy, when turning to a new patient, a familiar face lay before me, with the gray hue of death already creeping over it. In another moment I was kneeling beside Leon Curtis.

His lips wreathed in a faint smile as he saw me.

"Almost over," he gasped.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I asked. "Have you no message, no token to send to any one?"

"Tell mother I fell fighting," he said; "and, Mark, ask Lisa to forgive me."

"For what?"

"I destroyed her letters and Hubert's; I stole her engagement ring, found it in her glove, and showed it to him as her gift to me."

"Villain!" I cried.

"Yes, and it was of no use after all, for she refused me. Set it all straight, will you, Mark?"

I motioned some one else to my place, and left him. For my life I could not have answered him then. My day's trials were only beginning, however. As I passed down the barn, picking my way that no rude touch should cause a groan as it fell upon some shattered limb, I met Dr. Lewis, an old friend, and one who had been with me in many scenes like the one before us.

"Mark," he said, taking my hand, "I was looking for you to aid me in an operation. An officer is lying in a farm-house just beyond here, on this same farm, I believe, and to be of use we must go at once. Everybody is busy here, and, at any rate, it is *you* I want."

It was a long, dangerous, and tedious operation, and as I held the numbing sponge over the patient's face I felt that any respiration might be his last. Yet—yet—his life was Lisa's one hope of perfect happiness, for it was Hubert's pallid face lay under my touch—Hubert's torn chest that Dr. Lewis handled so skillfully and tenderly.

Every day I saw him, and for two long weeks not one ray of reason flashed into his dulled eyes. He lay in a state of stony apathy, suffering little, but dying apparently from exhaustion.

"If we could only rouse him," said Dr. Lewis one morning, "only make him care himself to live, I should have hope."

The same conviction had come to my mind, and I stood alone by his bed fighting the fiercest battle of my life.

She was mine now, happy in my love, making the crowning hope of my life its return. I had loved her so long, so passionately, so hopelessly, and now there was between me and happiness only this one life. I had given faithfully my full surgeon's skill, my time and watchfulness to save it. No reproach could ever visit my heart if these failed; they had been offered fully and conscientiously. As I stood looking down on the pallid face a memory rang out its voice in my heart, and Tom's words fell there slowly and solemnly:

"Will you accept for life the trust I give you—watching her happiness and peace even above your own?"

And again my heart answered him.

"Heaven deal with me as I am true to my trust!"

My struggle was over. I bent over Captain Wainwright and called his name.

"Hubert!"

The dulled eyes turned to me.

"Do you not know me? I am Mark Temple, Lisa's guardian!"

At the name of his old love his eyes flashed for a moment, then the dull, stolid look overshadowed them again.

"Hubert!" I urged again. "Lisa was true! She loves you! You were cruelly deceived!"

The look of life and interest I was striving to waken came now. The pale lips parted in a smile, murmuring,

"Lisa!"

Then he raised his eyes to mine, gasping:

"Tell me all!"

And I told him. With my own heart crushed to a sort of dead numbness I told him of Leon's treachery, his confession, and his death, and as I finished my recital I said:

"There is one hope now for your own life, Hubert, in your own interest. A few days more of this dull despair and you will die, but if you will rouse yourself and struggle against this increasing numbness you may yet live for Lisa."

He smiled bravely.

"I will try!" and then with Lisa's name upon his lip he sank into the first refreshing sleep that had visited his eyelids since he was carried from the battle-field.

It was still a close struggle for life, and I dared not rouse a hope in Lisa's heart to crush it back again; but gradually the gaping wound healed up, the strength returned to the weakened frame, and at last I dared write my story to Lisa.

It was summer before he was able to travel and go to her, having resigned his commission, with but little hope of resuming it. Quiet and kindest care were necessary for his life, and these his wife would give him.

Lisa met him at C———, and they were married from Mrs. Gordon's.

I was not able to be present at the wedding, and I have never seen them since; but it will not be long before I return to C——— to watch with the calm, true affection of her guardian, the happiness I read in Lisa Wainwright's letters. When in a future life I meet her father, I can with a pure conscience give an account of My Trust.

KEPT SACRED.

I.

I cannot find the place again,
The olden mark is gone:
I cannot read where we left off,—
We two alone;
And so I lay the book aside,
For ever done.

II.

All done the story is for me,
So tired grown, and sad;
Begun but only yesterday,—
Then I was glad.
For two were reading side by side,—
Chief charm it had.

III.

And for the sake of that chief charm,
Within a secret drawer
I keep it out of sight, nor read
One stanza more;
Yet guard it sacred for the rest
That went before. L.

EDITH BOLTON;

OR,

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES OF HOSPITAL LIFE."

It may seem strange I can note such unimportant things in the midst of such keen suffering, but the intensity with which I watched the white face before me, dreading lest he should be disturbed, seemed to burn the words into my brain, and now they come out as part of the dreadful whole.

A slight stir. Albert lifts his hand, and I moisten his lips with water; his eyes feebly unclose, and I hold my breath in intensest anxiety, but they once more close without any sign of recognition, and the labored breathing continues. But now I have an added object in my watch, and will not turn my gaze for an instant from his face, lest those eyes should once more open, and I should miss their glance. A step aroused me, and Dr. Graham is at my side, with more pity, it seems to me, in his face than before.

"He has not roused?"

I mentioned how much, adding:

"Favorable or unfavorable? Is it sleep or stupor?"

"Have you had any nourishment, Mrs. Pembroke?" was his only answer.

"Have I? You mean, has he?"

"No! I mean, have you had your dinner? You cannot go through the night without something to support you."

"Not yet," said I. "My niece always brings it to me when Mr. Pembroke is confined to his room. I suppose it is scarcely time."

He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then said kindly:

"Your anxiety has made you unconscious of the lapse of time. Look here!" And raising the curtain of my window, he pointed to the sun sinking in a flood of golden glory, to its rest. I felt bewildered and confused; everything seemed so strange, and I put my hand to my head, as though to steady my thoughts and collect my ideas.

"Do not be alarmed," said he. "It is all perfectly natural. I noticed the exhaustion in your face, and feared exactly what I see has happened; but you know a nurse must keep up her strength."

"But Edith—tell me—what—where?"

"Your niece? Shall I send her to you? I will tell one of the servants that you want her."

"But why has she not been here? Where is she? Oh! doctor, do not tell me I have anything more to bear."

"Mrs. Pembroke, you are allowing yourself to get into a nervous state, which will unfit you for your duties, and this without any cause. Your niece has, in all probability, heard my order that the strictest quiet was to be preserved, and avoided coming to your door. I will send her to you at once, but must beg to repeat that your husband's life may depend, humanly speaking, on your calmness."

He left the room, and a numbness seemed to creep over me—an indefinable dread—a vague horror of I know not what. I tried to assure myself that it was folly—only my present nervousness—and that Edith would come in an instant, to tell me that it was, as the doctor had said, she had dreaded to disturb her uncle. And yet when had Edith ever kept away from me when I was in trouble?

A gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Mervyn has brought me a cup of tea, and with it the sympathy of the house, and kind offers from the gentlemen of assistance.

"I just heard Mr. Herbert," said she, "as I passed, begging the doctor to get your permission to let him sit up with Mr. Pembroke to-night, and I have come to say that my husband and my son are both anxious to do the same."

"But Edith—" said I, without noticing her kind offer.

"Miss Bolton is with you, is she not?" said she, in much surprise. "I brought you this cup of tea, hoping you would let me sit with you while she went down to the tea-table."

"I have not seen her all day, Mrs. Mervyn. She is ill, I know. Oh! go to her room, and let me know the worst."

Mrs. Mervyn looked much alarmed, and hurried up stairs to Edith's room, which was in the next story.

I hastily swallowed the tea which she had brought me, convinced that something terrible was yet before me, and that my strength and endurance were to be further taxed. With a silent prayer for submission to whatever was yet to come, I once more seated myself by that dear bedside, which alone kept me from seeking my darling child. 'Tis vain at such times to count the moments by the hands of a clock; each second grows into an hour, and none can tell, but those who have passed through such trials, the amount of agony which can be compressed into a seemingly infinitesimal atom of time. Mrs. Mervyn did not return, but Dr. Graham did, and I read his face instantly.

"Tell me the truth, the whole truth," said I very quietly.

"You need not fear; my husband is my first consideration, and I shall be calm—only in mercy end this suspense."

"God only can do that, my dear Mrs. Pembroke," said he solemnly, seating himself by my side. "I have made every possible inquiry, and cannot find that any one has seen your niece since she started with the others this morning, for the mine—"

"Did not return? Do you mean she did not come back? Lost in the mine? I must go to her. Oh! let me go to her—my child, my darling Edith!" said I, with a convulsive sob, though no tears came.

Dr. Graham said nothing, but turning, fixed his eyes upon the bed, and the motion recalled me to myself. I was called upon to endure—not to battle, to fold my hands, and suffer in silence, but it seemed to me a very slight increase of tension, and the life-string must snap.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Pembroke, and try to believe what I say. Everything that is in mortal power will be done to rescue your niece, who has probably missed her way in the mine, having become in some way separated from her party. A band of gentlemen are now getting ready to start, and search the mine, and we must hope that they will be successful. The only, or rather the greatest danger is, from the length of time which has elapsed before she was missed."

"Oh! why do they not start? This instant—this very instant! What do they wait for?"

"They are waiting for the return of a young man. I do not know who he is, who dashed off as soon as he heard it, without his hat, to some cottage in the mountain, where I understood he was in the habit of going. He said: 'Tell Mrs. Pembroke she must be there, and I will bring her back.'"

I shook my head sadly.

"Frederic Herbert!—too late! too late!"

"You must not give up hope. I confess I think it much more probable that she has lost her way in the mine. But could you see the interest expressed for her down stairs, and the eagerness to seek her, you would realize that nothing more could be done were you on the spot yourself."

A hurried knock at the door—the doctor sprang to open it.

"Mrs. Pembroke! Let me see her—let me speak to her for one instant."

I went forward instantly, knowing too well the voice, even before I caught the agonized face of Frederic Herbert.

"Is she dead?" said I hoarsely.

"God forbid!" said he in a broken voice. "But she is not at the cottage. They are starting for the mine, and I have come for your permission to seek her with them. I feel that my neglect has killed her. Only say that you forgive me. I have forfeited every right to help her, I know. But oh how willingly would I give my life for hers at this moment. As you hope for heaven, give me your pardon and your permission to go."

"Go, Frederic, go. This is no moment to cherish hard feeling. God grant that you may bring my darling back to me."

"Heaven forever bless you," said he, wringing my hand. "All that mortal man can do, shall be done to save him."

And rushing down the stairs, he joined the party; and we heard their steps dying away in the distance.

During all this time, my precious husband had scarcely moved; occasionally a faint moan, or the lifting of his hand was all, and I fancied the doctor's anxiety increased. He gave me the most accurate directions for the night, promising to return in a few hours, to learn if there were any tidings of Edith, and begging to be sent for immediately, if needed.

He has gone; two hours have rolled on, and still I am watching, and waiting, and praying. Mrs. Mervyn kindly came to the door, a short time since, begging to be allowed to remain with me, but I declined; my nerves are in such a state that I cannot bear to have her with me.

I have been alternately watching my precious husband, and going to the window to strain eye and ear, to catch, through the thick darkness, sight or sound which may tell of the return of the party; but I felt suddenly as though my brain was turning—and something suggested to me to write. It has calmed me. Listen! I think I hear steps and voices in the distance. Have they found her? and how? God give me strength!"

CHAPTER V.

Sept. 1st. I open my diary once more, and a shudder comes over me, at the sight of its pages, and the last words written there, bring back the horrors of that never-to-be-forgotten night. It seems so me now, as I go over and over that fearful suffering, in thought, a marvel that my reason was spared; and a daily miracle that I have been able to support the severe nursing which has followed. But let me take up the thread where I dropped it when the sound of coming feet fell upon my strained and aching ear. I can bear to go over it now, for as I lift my eyes, they rest on my two precious ones, given back to me from the very jaws of death; very white and weak they both look certainly—but I trust all danger is now over; for both of them, and am content to wait a little longer for the hue of returning health. This is the first day that Edith has been able to get down to her uncle's room since her illness; and no wonder that she looks a little exhausted, as she rests, propped up with pillows in my rocking-chair, with her eyes fixed with such a loving gaze upon her uncle, as though she could never weary of looking at him. But this is anticipating; we have gone through deep waters before we have reached this point; let us throw ourselves back again, and listen to that slow tramp, tramp, which can be plainly heard before anything can be seen, through this black darkness. Oh for that bright moonlight which lighted our path at Huntingdon! what a life-time it seems since then! They have reached the piazza—yes, yes they have found her. God be thanked! For see, as they come under the bright light at the door, that burden in Frederic Herbert's arms, wrapped in his coat, and borne so tenderly, can be none other than my darling child. But my heart stands still as a terrible thought suggests itself. I cannot move; I seem chained to the spot.

"Lay her down on the parlor sofa," I catch from the hall below.

"No! I must take her to her aunt!"

Oh! that was Frederick Herbert's voice; and he would not have said that if—if—, oh no! he could not have said it if—.

A light, cane settee stands in the hall, just outside of my door, and as I hurry forward, they are placing her upon it.

"She is alive! she is alive! dear Mrs. Pembroke; thank God!" said Frederic Herbert, as he caught sight of me; and then, as though his work was done, sinking down, faint and exhausted, upon the stairs behind him.

"Alive!" well was it for me that I had heard that word before I saw my darling, as she lay perfectly unconscious, with such deadly pallor on her brow, her rich beautiful hair half uncurled by the night-damp, and falling over her shoulders in disordered masses.

"We have seen the doctor, Mrs. Pembroke," said Mr. Mervyn, "he assures us that this is merely a state of unconsciousness—a sort of trance produced by exhaustion and impure air. He will be here in a few moments. I would advise you to ask no questions at present. But let me help you to place her on her bed at once."

Miss Hamilton, a gentle sweet girl, whom I had frequently noticed, came forward and told me that her room, two doors from my own, had been prepared for Edith, as they had thought I would prefer having her near me, and she would take Edith's. My heart was too full for words, but her kindness was not unfelt. A fresh difficulty, however, arose. How could I watch my two patients—and how could I bear to leave either of them, in their present state?

As I stepped back into my husband's room, dreading to leave him for an instant, I was surprised to see Frederic Herbert sitting watching him.

"Dear Mrs. Pembroke, will you not let me take this post to-night? Dr. Graham assures me that Mr. Pembroke will probably continue in this state for some hours, while Miss Bolton will probably soon revive, and require your presence. I can call you, should there be the slightest change, and you can see him for yourself at intervals."

I shook my head; my husband was first to me on earth—and no one living should take my place.

I never shall forget the intense suffering which passed over Frederic Herbert's face.

"You will not? I may not even do that little service to make amends. Oh, Mrs. Pembroke, if you could know—if you could fancy for one instant the agony of remorse I am enduring—in pity you would grant me this little favor to lighten its load. Do I not know—do I not feel that it was my fault, my work. I alone am to blame; had I not left her dear side, it could not have occurred. Had I guarded her, as I should have done, instead of—mad fool that I was!"—he stopped abruptly, and buried his face in his hands.

I was startled by such an agony of self-reproach. I had not realized that his feeling for Edith was so deep. And I saw, not without some secret satisfaction, that it could only have been his fancy, not his heart, which had swerved from its allegiance, fascinated by the arts of a designing woman. The golden rule rose to my mind; and after a short but severe struggle with myself, I resolved to yield, and said—with what effort, he never knew—

"I believe you are right, Mr. Herbert; and that under the circumstances, your plan is the best. Promise to call me, if there is the slightest motion, and I will agree to it."

That flash of gratitude and thankfulness in his face, as I spoke, rewarded me for the effort.

"Bless you! oh, bless you!" he said, "you shall never have cause to repent this kindness. Now go to her; please go, will you not?"

"Mrs. Mervin is with her. They have placed her on the bed, and she would have called me I know, had she revived." But to ease his mind I left the room, and went to my still unconscious child.

It is needless to give the details of two illnesses; suffice it to say, that Frederic managed to establish himself as my assistant nurse with Mr. Pembroke, greatly relieving me, and making himself so acceptable to him, by his gentle, thoughtful ways and considerate attention, that I often laughingly assured him that I should dismiss him, as I was beginning to be jealous. I could not persuade him to leave Mr. Pembroke's room for any relaxation or amusement; and I found the suggestion always seemed so painful to him, that I soon gave it up. We knew nothing during those days of what went on down stairs. We heard of Mr. Bronson's arrival; but Frederic made no allusion to it; and I noticed a quiet satisfaction in his face, the morning that the whole party took their departure. I was very sure of one thing—that Mr. Montague had lost his bet; for Miss Travers's attraction for Frederic, ceased from that night; his whole thoughts seemed to be centred upon our two invalids, and upon what could be devised for their relief or comfort. Mr. Pembroke continued in a very alarming state for many days, but my mind was much relieved by the arrival of our own physician, in answer to the telegram. He watched the case carefully; and only left us a few days ago, satisfied that both patients were convalescent; for Edith had also claimed a large share of his attention, the shock producing a nervous fever, which might have been attended with the most serious results, had it not been for the promptness and skill of her treatment. Both her physicians—for Dr. Graham continued in attendance—decided that her nervous system must have been much depressed before this occurred, or it would scarcely have had such severe consequences. And as they talked, I could not fail to remember the heavy eyes, and weary face which had met mine, when I sought her room the night before the mining party.

I had of course been most anxious to know every particular of her accident, but her state prevented any allusion to it, and I had been obliged to content myself with the few details which Frederic could give me. He told me that the miners had joined them at the entrance to the mine as guides; that the gentlemen had then decided to divide, each taking a miner with them, and exploring a different path, and had agreed upon signals in case of success. He said that, after two hours, should they not have found her, they agreed to meet at a certain point for further consultation. He described with the deepest feeling this meeting, and the decision that further search was unavailing, as all the paths which she could have taken had been examined; he determined, however, not to give it up, and as the others retraced their steps, he persuaded two of the miners to go with him to a part of the mine which had been worked out, and was now abandoned. They assured him, he said, that she could not have gone there, but he was firm, and they consented to show him the way. No sooner had they entered this path than his eye caught something on the ground in the distance, and hastening to it, he found Edith seated on a large block of coal, reclining against the trunk of a tree, which had been placed there as a support to the roof, and apparently sleeping; but on attempting to move her, the rigidity of her muscles had convinced him that she was dead.

He never can command himself at all when he describes to me his carrying her out of the mine, under that impression, and looking upon himself as her murderer, from his neglect. Poor fellow! Whatever Edith's future verdict may be in his case, he has suffered terribly for his fault. The returning party were signalled, and at once sought the doctor, who, after close examination, gave the opinion which we already know. I may as well add here Edith's statement, although I did not hear it till much later. She had, as I knew, entered the mine with Alfred Mervyn, who had been pointing out to her a species of rare and exquisitely beautiful fungus, white as the driven snow, and looking like some pure spirit, she said, imprisoned for a fancied crime, in those dark vaulted chambers, and condemned to weep itself away, whenever it came into connection with the human race, or the external world; for he assured her that the warmth of her hand, or the outer air would turn it instantly to water. After walking for some distance, she said that several of the party became wearied, and decided to "call a halt;" they seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, once used as a support; and while they were all engaged in conversation, she determined to procure a piece of the tempting looking fungus, and at least make the effort to bring it home to me. She saw several beautiful specimens on the trees in the next path, and walked up to secure them; on returning, to her amazement, the party was out of sight. Alfred Mervyn concluding she was with Mr. Tremaine, who came up to her when they halted, had gone on with Miss Seymour. After striving to find them in one or two directions, without success, she decided to await their return, supposing that they must pass out as they had entered. She described that long, lonely, anxious waiting; their failing to arrive; the conviction slowly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MOREELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
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☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

coming to her that they had left the mine by another road, and that she was alone there; her fruitless and frantic efforts to discover some mode of exit only serving to confuse her more hopelessly; the coming sense of exhaustion and oppression, and the final consciousness that her powers were giving way, as she seated herself, and leaning against the tree where she was found, meekly resigned herself into God's hands, convinced that she should never look upon the outer earth again; all this she described, I say, with a power and pathos which sent a chill of horror to my heart's core, as I thought of what she must have endured.

Sept. 2d. I was interrupted here yesterday in the midst of my story; but as I had given all that was positively necessary, I will not enter upon that subject again. We have determined, with Doctor Graham's consent, to leave here to-morrow for our own dear home. We have been delayed far beyond our original intention, and feel that we are also detaining Frederic Herbert, who will not leave us, although his business is suffering we know. He has secured a sleeping car for us, where the invalids may rest, and we trust the journey can now be accomplished without risk.

I mentioned yesterday that I was writing in the room with my two dear ones, but I neglected to say what a comfortable little parlor, the adjoining room, which communicated with mine, had been converted into, for the sake of change of air for my dear husband. The bedstead had been replaced by an easy sofa, and a slight change in several articles of furniture had given it almost a home air, for I was well aware how much an invalid's improvement may often depend upon such seeming trifles.

I had been laden with messages of the deepest penitence from Frederic to Edith, during her illness, all of which I positively refused to deliver, excepting those which came in the shape of daily floral offerings; declaring that he must wait till he could obtain either his pardon or his condemnation from her own lips, nor would I give him the slightest clue as to the state of her feelings towards him, telling him, what was the simple truth, that she never mentioned his name. I could not but be touched, however, by the humility with which he accepted his punishment; and resolved as soon as possible to give him the opportunity he longed for. As I was sitting in my own room yesterday afternoon, while Mr. Pembroke and Edith were talking together in the parlor, as we termed it, Frederic came up to bring Mr. Pembroke's letters. "This is the moment," thought I, and begging him to wait an instant, "Albert," said I, "try if you can walk in here without me for a crutch, I want you here to read your letters." As he rose and came feebly forward, I beckoned to Frederic, and turning to Edith, said, "Here is a criminal who has come to you to sue for pardon." She started, and turned so deadly white, that I was frightened, and waited to see the red blood rush back, covering cheek, brow and neck; then, closing the door, I left them together.

Three hours after I knocked at the door, fearing the excitement would be too great for Edith in her weak state; Frederic opened it instantly. "Banished for life?" said I with a smile, as I looked at his handsome face, glowing with happiness.

"Can you trust her to me, after all?" said he, warmly grasping my hand.

"Not at present, certainly," said I, laughing, "for she must be quite worn out; but you may go in and see what her uncle has to say upon the subject."

As he left the room, Edith rose, put her arms round my neck, and laying her beautiful head on my breast, sobbed like a child.

"This has been too much for you, darling, I was wrong to permit it."

"Oh, no! no! dear aunt! but I had tried so hard to give it all up, and to find how deeply and truly he loves me—I do not deserve it," and her poor, little weak frame shook with agitation. I led her to the sofa, and gently placing her on it, insisted on perfect quiet; but the next instant I regretted my direction, for I found that it was quite impossible not to hear the conversation going on at that moment in the next room.

"A pretty piece of business indeed," said my husband, and I noticed with great satisfaction that his voice had its old merry ring in it, "Remember, sir, that I am responsible to her father for what happens to her whilst under my protection;—what do you suppose he will say?"

"I shall trust, sir, to a good word from you to make that all right."

"Ha! ha! my boy! you see through me. I never could deceive any one—miserable hand I am at it. God bless you! You have my full consent, my blessing, and my influence with her father if that is needed. Make her happy, for she is a treasure worth cherishing."

Some earnest words of gratitude from Frederic were at once interrupted by—

"Come, come, that's all taken for granted;—I ought to be the grateful one, for you've nursed me like a son; but I want to know how this all come about—is it in the air? I didn't know the coal-regions produced such effects. I must be more guarded who I bring up here in future. I suppose of course you quit the style of your address to your surroundings. Did you say, 'Be *mine*, Edith,' and did she softly whisper, '*Thine* own?'"

"Whatever was said, Mr. Pembroke, I shall always feel that I owe the happiness of my life to the lesson I learnt in a mine, a severe and most painful one, but richly merited.

As I turned to look at Edith, an expression of calm and peace had stolen over her face, and as she met my eye, a sweet smile lighted her face as she said,

"Do you remember my desire to go into a mine? How little idea I had then how that desire would be gratified, or what would be the result of it."

My journal ends here, but I cannot close this narrative without a few further words. I cannot help hoping that those who have followed me thus far will feel some slight interest in hearing that my husband's health has been perfectly restored, and that I sincerely trust, with due care and precaution, he may escape any recurrence of those terrible symptoms. We have often talked over our mountain experience, and an extract from a letter which I received this morning, may serve to show that some others of the party remember it also.

* * * * *

—— "I cannot close this long effusion, dear Aunt Ellen, without renewing our urgent appeal to you to come to us. Frederic has had your room newly furnished, and intends to surprise Uncle Albert with—I won't tell you what, lest you should tell him; but you must both come on as soon as his business permits. We were talking over *a favorite theme* last evening, suggested, I believe, by our bright coal-fire, and we decided that you must come to us, and we would wake those old memories together. Frederic is still very sore on the subject of the '*goddess Flora*,' he never likes any allusion to her, even in jest, and as he indulges me in everything else, I think I can afford to gratify him in this. Do come, darling Aunt Ellen, and gladden the heart of your loving child, EDITH HERBERT."

A Pleasant Tour.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. SPENCER:—Shall I venture to send another letter for your approval? I will pick up "heart of grace," and tempt your kindly judgment, for does not the old couplet teach:

'Tis a lesson you should heed—try, try again?

I did not go to Newport, as I had hoped and prayed I might, (the prayer of the wicked, forsooth!)—did not kiss the wooing waves of the great, heaving, mighty sea. But I did see the waves of light, lying in rich, glowing masses over mountain, vale and moor. I did see the waving foliage of a thousand great forest trees, stretching their arms towards the bending clouds. I did watch the shimmering, waving sunshine as it stole down, spite of the thick, clustering leaves that would have absorbed it all, down into the very heart of the quiet, gray mosses, the shy, clinging lichens; or made love to the fairy-cups and ferns, drinking with hot, quivering lips their dewy coolness.

I wish my father, or my half-dozen brothers, or mine own especial friend, was President, or Secretary, or Conductor, or Brakesman—or something upon railroads, that gets tickets whenever they want them;—especially upon the roads that penetrate like great, throbbing arteries the very heart of our own state, so I might, whenever the mood takes me, go drink my very soulfull of mountain air and beauty.

There may be no royal road to geometry, but the Pennsylvania Central is surely the royal road to the mountains, and through such a goodly country! What a Beulah-land is this same state of ours, how literally it seems, a land flowing with milk and honey! It is one vast garden spot under the highest state of cultivation from Philadelphia all up through the beautiful Chester county lime-stone valley, and the no less beautiful Pequea valley of Lancaster county, not a foot of ground seems uncultivated.

Absolve me from a desire of *puffing* the Pennsylvania Central road in whatever I say. They will have to give me a very fine *bonne bouche* in the shape of free tickets ere I waste my breath in raising gales to puff their sails along. This is a world of compensations, and I right dearly like to be compensated for the good I do! I will whisper in their private ear (query, we know corporations have no souls, have they ears? I know they are often hear-less)—this succinct phrase—"*bis dat qui cito dat*."

However, this I am constrained to say, puff or no puff, it is a most admirably conducted road. Everything seemed to be just right—the cars were comfortable—the seats being regular *dormeuse* for taking one's ease in, the ventilation most excellent. Any one who has been compelled to travel frequently between Philadelphia and New York, and knows the annoyance of first being rushed forward at an arrow's speed, because "we're off time, and will be smashed if we meet the down train," or else sent flying with a retrograde movement back to the last stopping place to avoid a collision with the said train, or compelled to lay by for an half hour until it passes, on a side track, will appreciate, as I did, the sense of security induced by the double track. For the having the dread of death always held over you like the sword of the ancient king is no enhancer of pleasure—one does not like to be forever reminded they have just escaped the shuffling of this mortal coil.

Then the supply of ice-water is wonderful, until you watch the *modus operandi*, as I did while staying at Altoona, and knew that those great boilers (ice boilers, think of it!) are filled with bushels of broken ice at different points along the road. It was very funny to watch the people, with their own particular cups, forever coming up to refill them, and I noticed it seemed always the same people, who like Oliver Twist, wanted "more." I think they must have been assured, as I was half inclined to be, that nature in a freak (and she's full of freaks,) had taken a fancy to ice—the waters in this mountain land, even as elsewhere, she sends it up already boiled, you know. One poor, old dirty man, with his dirty wife and four dirty bairns, all looking as if they had been washed in a hurry after the breakfast things, and set in the sun to dry, came so often with his pint tin, that I thought at last the hydrant turned up its old brass nose at him in disgust.

We laid over (a railroad-ism) at Harrisburg a day or so to examine the beauties of the very look of the Keystone. It is most charmingly situated. The Capitol holds a conspicuous place upon a lofty eminence, and keeps sage watch over the town, and looks defiance at the Kittatinny Mountain in the back-ground. The view from the top of the building is very fine, the windings of the Susquehanna, studded by an hundred emerald isles, (very picturesque, but, making the river more ornamental than useful,) appears to great advantage. They have a bank—not for bullion or paper that represents it—but a "bank whereon the wild thyme grows," or would if it was planted. I must own to having been sorely disappointed in it. Why do they have those wooden palings that look like chicken gardens, but are not chicken gardens, around so many of the grass-plots, they, unlike the river, are neither useful or ornamental? The Burlington Bank need fear no rival in this one at least.

On the Western side of the river, as we wended our way up the road, we saw towering the Blue Mountains, the outline of the whole country is everywhere the same from Harrisburg to Altoona—sharp, rugged mountain-ridges, clefts by the most profound ravines, narrow and precipitous, their sides covered with dark umbrageous forests. Strips of meadow land, terraced here and there on the mountain-side, with long wastes of rocky formation breaking upon the density of shade. All along this country the formation is, I judge, exclusively red shale; indeed I think I have heard that red shale is a characteristic of all this high range.

The scenery almost takes one's breath away. The wonderous works of God! How naturally arose to my lips the words of the *Venite, exultemus*—the strength of the hills is his also. We saw one part of this wonderfully, glorious scenery, with the softened rays of the declining sun just gliding the trees to the west, while in the east a storm was raising. The moon came out from behind heavy, jagged clouds; the sky was one vast amphitheatre of mosques and minarets, castles and towers, mountains and rocks—crimson tinted, gold burnished, violet crowned. It was like some grand landscape of Turner's—or a strain from Mozart—the recitative and air "Sombre forests"—from "William Tell."

Then we past a single, grand mountain, which stands like a mighty giant sentinel, and is called Peters's mountain. Such ugly, tame, commonplaced names, have all these towering eminences; how any man could presume to call these mighty works of God, after himself or his neighbor, is beyond my comprehension. However, Peter—a stone, it might be worse, for we will think it gets its name from the jutting, pointed rocks which form its escarpment, and not from some Mr. Peters who *owned* the mountain.

A mile above Duncannon (how I want to tell the story of a doughty hero who won his fame at the Duncannon bridge, but I forbear)—is the mouth of the Juniata; and under cover of the noise of the cars, I sung for my comrades—to the memory of the fair and wooing maid, "The Wild Alfireta"—who once wandered

"Where sleep the waters of the blue Juniata."

Beside this river, leaving the Susquehanna, the railroad glides until we reach the Tuscarora Mountain, (at last we have a euphonious name,) at whose base the road winds for a long distance, and from which we enter the beautiful valley of the Rishicoquillas, in which we were told were several interesting caves, containing curious stalacites.

The gap of Jack's (Jack who, I wonder?) Mountain is peculiarly wild and rugged. The sides of the elevation are almost entirely without vegetation, and covered with gray masses of time-worn, rain-washed rocks.

At last after passing through a succession of beautifully diversified scenery, we reach Altoona, where we rested for the night. For the town I can say very little, as I found it beyond my power to venture very far beneath the scorching rays of the sun that greeted us next morning; but I did see the lovely little church—a gem of architectural beauty, which made me long for one quiet hour of prayer within its walls. But I can say a great deal for the hotel—and saying a great deal would be but half enough. I do pronounce it the best furnished, the best lardered, and the best landlorded hotel I ever was in. So very well pleased were we with it, that we made all our arrangements, so that, in returning we might pass a couple of days here, under the kind protection of Mr. Miller. (I believe that's his name.)

Here we heard the story of that good old Indian chief Logan, "the white man's friend"—for whom the hotel is named.

All the trains stop here, and the weary occupants tumble out pell-mell to wash at the row of marble basins and clean towels, which line the long piazza, and eat at the longer tables that line the drawing-rooms. One could not have time in a month to grow weary at Altoona, for it keeps one in a constant state of expectancy and wonder, to see how many friendly faces, "old friends and dear friends," make their appearance from the cars; people we as little dreamed of seeing in that region of the world as—as they of seeing us. It is very amusing the amazed way we greet each other with—"What *are* you doing here?" as if it was past explanation. Remember, oh, sweet friend, I, on my own responsibility, without fear of consequences, do recommend to you, for cleanliness, luxuriousness, and plenty, the "Logan House" at Altoona, above all the other hotels in the country. *Cleanliness*, remember, I emphasize the word, for it does not belong to public houses generally, I am well persuaded.

When we are put in the cars by the polite old darkie who makes that the chief business of his life, and who always seats you with "the scenery side, young miss," (a pleasant way if you are not young miss, you know,) we begin to climb the Alleghany, until we reach the height of over two thousand feet above tide-water, winding round and round the mountain, amidst the most enchanting scenery. The untold glory of a thousand different trees above, beneath, around us, (filling the vast amphitheatres, upon the edge of which we are creeping,) and which seem as if some wealthy hand had wrought them with rich and varied patterns of crimson and green—for, early as it was, these mountain lands had known cold nights enough to let that rare old fellow, Jack Frost, steal forth and kiss each leaf of the dog-wood until it was crimson from tip to stem; and here and there an ash showed signs of turning bright and rosy. How wild I am to go, just once, the latter part of October, ere it is really cold, while yet the Spirit of Autumn is abroad, with palette and brush, touching the maples and oaks, the chestnuts and elms, the birch and walnuts, the lindens and aspens, with a thousand dyes—scarlet and crimson, yellow and orange, purple and red, silver and gold, cherry and lake, vermillion, and pink, and green. All these thousand hues, melting and mingling, varying and blending, kaleidoscope-like, as we pass them. But I have seen it in its summer beauty, and will imagine all the rest. And then, while all this wilderness of verdure, this wealth of beauty, is filling your very soul, and your spirits are up at the very acme of spiritual exaltation, to which while this muddy vesture of decay,

"Doth grossly hold us in,"

they can hope to attain. Then, with all the exhilaration that a whole basket of champagne would fail to produce, one can scarcely refrain from dancing, and clapping of hands, and kissing of one's neighbors, or doing any other strange and *outre* thing for which that pure, rarified air might stand sponsor, before one knows it, or at least before I, Margaret, knew it, comes the tunnel. Do you know what that signifies, lady mine? Do you remember Dante's region of darkness and utter despair? Buckle says, somewhere in his "Art of Civilization:" "They only who feel the darkness look for the light." That of course means in the regard of intellectual research, but I take his words and apply them to this Egyptian darkness. Oh! how I looked for the light! How utterly I realized I had never known darkness before. Out of the sunshine into that utter gloom, and then the sunshine, the daylight on the other side, how beautiful it was! How certain I was I never knew how gracious, how good, my Father was before. I think it is worth the journey to appreciate one's causes for thanksgiving so entirely.

The tunnel is three-quarters of a mile in length, piercing the tallest Alleghany 210 feet from its summit. It only takes four minutes to traverse, yet it seemed interminable, unending! Darkness and silence go hand in hand, and no one seemed to move or speak while we were passing through. Even the rattle of the cars seemed hushed. I wondered if the monks of La Trappe, condemned by their vows to endless silence, ever knew what a much more terrible self-abnegation, an endless and utter darkness as well, would have been.

When we came back, we choose to take from Pittsburg the afternoon train, so as to reach the top of the mountains when, as Hyperion most sweetly saith, "daylight, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven; and evening, stooping down to unloose the lachets of his sandal shoon, came forth." Although the flood of light, the fair harvest moon—that night at the full—spread over everything, was like a silver day, and hid from my notice the small light in the car—yet that dim lamp, like a good deed in a naughty world, took the gloom of the tunnel utterly away. (That's a weak sentence, but it's what I mean in short metre.) By daylight I thought the work of the mighty artificers who wrought these hills, in "those days when men were giants," was overpowering. But, when they were magnified by that peculiar focal power which the moon has over a landscape, I could but remember the words in one of Propertin's Elegies, "I will sing of the Titans of Ossa piled in Olympus, to make Pelion the stepping stone to Heaven"—all seemed so grand, so vast, so far away upward; below us floated the clouds, near us was the moon, her light flooded down upon us as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. And ever and anon up the mountain's sides were immense furnaces for smelting with coke, the iron ore taken from the very soil on which they stand; what a contrast this lurid glare to the soft moonlight, but how it added to the awful grandeur of the scene to have them there.

I will add here, that as to be out of the fashion is to be out of the world, and to miss any good thing, is to be reprobate of one's advantages, we thought it best to pause a day or so at Cresson. On the west side of the mountain, which this year has been what in former years "Bedford Springs" was, a very fashionable resort for the very best class of people, especially from Philadelphia. The hotel is very spacious, and most admirably kept, and it is so elevated in position that the air is always cool and bracing. There seems to be every kind of amusement, particularly for gentlemen, in the way of gaming and trout fishing. We came from Pitteburg, where we were ready to die of heat, and found a blanket comfortable of nights.

I do not know whether it was because we had seen so much beauty that all else seemed tame after it, so much purity of forest and sky, that all else seemed soiled and tarnished, and had enjoyed so much roomy luxury and cleanliness at the Altoona House, that I had grown captious, but I thought Pittsburg the very dirtiest, most illy-built and illy-kept city I was ever in. The "Monongahela House," where we stayed from Saturday until Monday, (and paid for it, I promise you, to a Saratoga tune,) was dreadful in all its appointments, except the dining-room, which, I must confess, much as I disliked the rest, was excellently attended and admirably provided. However, they assured us if we came in May we would find them rejuvenated new in every part. I trust they will kill all their present chambermaids, and buy new ones. I am sure, they were so very dirty and disagreeable.

But, one thing in Pittsburg compensated for the whole of the unpleasantnesses, and was, after the mountains, which were God's workmanship and incomparable, the most magnificent thing we saw while we were away; it was a new steamer, the largest we were told that had ever sailed the Western waters, certainly the largest I ever saw on any Eastern river. I should judge it to be larger, and really handsomer than the new "St. John," on the North River.

At all events it was everything that was magnificent and faultless in my eyes, (and in those of my party as well, but I must talk for myself and say I, and not we, like a queen). What its size is, (I can only give you my idea in this way, as I most unfortunately have lost the paper whereon was dotted down some items told us by the dear Captain, regarding its length, breadth, etc., etc.,) may be judged approximately by the statement, that they carry 16,000 barrels of flour in the hold, that they have three decks, (three stories and a cellar). Several of the lovely state-rooms have small sitting-rooms attached; there is a very spacious nursery, which all who hate crying babies (i. e. old maids and crusty bachelors) will appreciate.

I am quite sure they could roast an ox in the ranges, the Captain displayed to me, or freeze an elephant in the ice-boxes.

And then the furniture and appointments, it was like some fairy land of beauty, every thing that was not white and gold, was the most exquisitely colored velvet. The carpets were of the most charming patterns, especially the one which covered the immense dining-room, which was white strewn with myriads of crimson flowers.

But the table-covers, fifty at least, almost drove me wild with delight—velvet—painted by Minerva and the Graces, made expressly for Venus's drawing-room. It is very true Captain Donaldson said he imported them from England. They are much too beautiful to have come out of fog-land—they were meant for the inhabitants of Olympus, I know—and I doubt not the fair goddesses are bewailing their loss this instant. Such roses, such pansies, such violets, such every beautiful flower that Flora, in her happiest moments ever painted, all thrown into the most graceful groups and wreaths, all tangled amidst mosses and ferns, green as emerald, or caught in the sprays of brown or gray sea weeds, I could almost smell their perfume; they were so perfect—so exquisitely charming.

Then the Parian statuette, the Bohemian vases, the terra-cotta urns—the—in fact the lovely vertú almost broke my heart to leave on board a steamer; I wanted them for my own drawing-rooms, and those of an hundred dear friends; I would have been certain, dear Mrs. Spencer, to have sent you a lovely pair of Etruscan vases, with dancing houris upon them.

All is so charming as I have told you, and the Captain is the most charming of all—his name is Donaldson to begin with—is it not a pleasant name? Well, he is pleasanter than his name, has the nicest eyes—merry and wise—a most excellent voice, and is as kind and polite as is possible to conceive. I fell in love with him immediately, as is my custom with pleasant folks, whether male or female; perhaps he feared such a catastrophe, for he at once informed us he was *un mari*—alas! its always the way, if once likes a man he is always married, *vive la bagatelle!*

When I make some grand discovery, or write a book,—or—or—make an El Dorado some how, I mean to go one voyage to St. Louis, and perhaps as far as New Orleans, upon the magnificent Dictator, Capt. Donaldson commander.

What a lovely letter I meant to write to you, but what a very poor affair I have made of it. The next time I try I will do better, if this once you will pardon MARGARET.

Victimized Innocence.

In early youth I was in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, which, at that period, was below the present city of Utica, almost exclusively inhabited by the Dutch, as primitive and unsophisticated a race of people as ever occupied any portion of this continent. They were habitually and strictly honest, and, very naturally, believed everybody else to be so. An incident which occurred four or five years previously, strikingly, even if somewhat ludicrously, illustrates that fact.

At that period a Yankee made his appearance in the goodly Dutch town of German Flats, professing to be a schoolmaster, and commenced preparations for opening an English school. The honest Dutchman, delighted with the project, received him kindly, entertained him hospitably, and stood ready, as soon as the necessary preliminaries could be provided, to patronize his undertaking. Under these circumstances, the Yankee purchased of one of them a very fine horse, giving his note at six months from date for the purchase-money.

Shortly after this both the Yankee and the horse were missing; and a neighbor, meeting with the former owner of the horse, said to him,

"So, Hans, you have lost dat fine horse of yours?"

"How so?"

"Why, dat Yankee you sold him to has run away mit him."

"Vel, vat do I care for that; *hain't I got his note?*"

I regret being obliged to add, that these honest Dutchmen were, some of them, not slow in learning and practicing Yankee tricks.

BIDDY, while on a begging expedition, was asked by a lady, if she had any children. "Yes, mum," replied Biddy, with great readiness, "I'm the mother of an orphan."

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been more activity in the Flour market this week. The week's sales comprise about 15,000 bbls at $7,25@7,50 for superfine, $8@8,75 for extras, $9@9,25 for northwest extra family, $10,25@11,25 for Penna and Ohio do, and $11,50@12,50 for fancy do. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with a small business doing in the former at $6@6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes forward slowly. About 60,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of in lots at $1,90@2,15 for new reds, $2,18@2,20 for mixed, $2,15@2,27 for old do, the latter for amber, and $2,50@2,60 for white, as to quality. Rye is selling at 95@$1,05. Corn; sales 25,000 bus at 91@92c for yellow, 93@95c for mixed, and 95@90c for white. Oats, about 30,000 bus have been disposed of at 50@55c for common to prime Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little doing in barrelled meats; sales at $33@35 for Mess Pork, and $12@18 for country and city Mess Beef. Green Meats—Sales of 300,000 ℔s Shoulders, in salt, are reported at 17½@18c. Lard—Sales of tierce at 29½@30½. Butter is selling at 35@45c for fair to Prime Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 45@50c for Goshen. Cheese is worth 16@17c ₩ ℔. Eggs are bringing 26@27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The week's sales reach about 1,000 bales at 46@47c for ordinary to middling and middling fair quality.

BARK.—Quercitron.—The market is steady; sales 70 hhds 1st No. 1 at $32½ ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX is selling at 50c ₩ ℔.

COAL.—There is very little doing, and prices range at $10@10,50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE is firm. Sales 2,000 bags, mostly Laguayra, at 20½@22½c.

FEATHERS are scarce at 95c@$1.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit.—The sales are confined to Apples, which are bringing $4@7 ₩ bbl, as to quality. Cranberries are selling at $12@15 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and Apples sell in a small way at 10@12c ₩ ℔ for old and new.

HAY is selling at $18@20 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 55@60c for new and 25 to 35c for old, as to quality.

IRON is firm but inactive; sales 1000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, at $40@43, the latter for No 1. Scotch is selling at $49@50 ₩ ton. Blooms are worth $100@125 ₩ ton.

LUMBER.—The market is active, at $20@22 for White and $25 for Yellow Sap Boards.

OILS.—Sales of 9000 bbls Petroleum, mostly refined, in bond, at 60@61c; Free Oil at 80@82c; and Crude at 38c.

PLASTER is scarce at $3,50 ₩ ton.

RICE.—Sales limited at 9½@10c for Rangoon, and 12@12½c for Carolina.

SEEDS.—There is very little Clover offering, and prices range at $7@8 ₩ bus for common to prime. Timothy; sales are reported at $4@3,25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3,25@3,30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are firm but inactive. N E Rum is selling at $2,35@2,40. Whiskey; sales are reported at $2,30 for Penna and Western.

SUGARS.—The market is more active, with sales of some 1200 hhds mostly Cuba, at 9¾c in gold, and 13½@15c currency, the latter for Porto Rico.

TALLOW is unsettled at 15@15½c ₩ ℔ for rendered.

WOOL.—The market is firm, with a fair business doing at 60@75c for fleece, chiefly at 68@72c for medium and fine, and 67@75c for tub. Yarns are selling at about $1,15 ₩ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from $14 to 15,00 ₩ 100 ℔s. 2500 Hogs at from $17,00 to 19,00 ₩ 100 ℔s. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 7½c ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₩ head.

FACTS vs. THEORIES.

"Give me a place to rest my *levers on*," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicis, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their levers on, either to move the world or to cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms against the effect of "evil eye, &c."

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting-place *for* it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ever ready to serve them at his beck.

Penned in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhœa Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magic effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think Maggiel's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.*

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. FRANK N. GINDER to Miss E. JENNIE PATRICK, both of this city.

On the 6th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH BIRCH to Miss MARY J. PATTERSON, both of Germantown.

On the 21st of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN BURR to Miss MARY COOPER, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Lieut. ALBERT QUIGLEY to Miss EMILY E. ASHTON, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM J. NEILL to Miss EMMA SELLICK, daughter of John Sellick, Esq., both of this city.

On the 11th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. D. Wood, Mr. ABRAHAM S. WALKER to Miss HANNAH FINLETTER, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, JOSEPH SUMMERS, Esq., to Miss KATE SCHNEIDER, both of this city.

On the 10th of Sept., by the Rev. Mr. During, Mr. JAMES T. YOUNG to Miss MARGARET J. KYLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Sept., MATTHEW HASTINGS, in his 81st year.

On the 26th of Sept., JANE M. GRAHAM, widow of the late Capt. Wesley Graham, aged 47 years.

On the 20th of Sept., Mrs. MARY, wife of Edward Gallagher, aged 28 years.

On the 25th of Sept., CORNELIUS LEVY, in his 23d year.

On the 25th of Sept., CHARLES NOFFAL, in his 44th year.

On the 24th of Sept., SAMUEL J. SMITH, son of Mrs. Sarah Green, in his 28th year.

On the 24th of Sept., JOHN M. PATTON, in his 29d year.

On the 24th of Sept., JOSEPH HALL, formerly of Williamsport, Pa., in his 76th year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. SARAH LOWNSBERRY, in her 73d year.

On the 22d of Sept., Miss MARY RICHARDS, in her 30th year.

On the 23th of Sept., SILAS M. YORKS, aged 63 years.

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dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The OCTOBER number of this periodical, now issued, opens with a beautiful steel engraving, called "THE WANDERER'S RETURN." The sentiment of this engraving is very touching—the wanderer has come back to the scenes of his youth, and gazes with a heart full of emotion on the church where in childhood he passed so many pleasant and reverential hours. Of the Fashion Plate of this number we need only say that it is equal to any of its predecessors. Ladies tell us that the fashion plates of this magazine are particularly fine. The Music is "Minnie Minton, or I'll Meet You in the Morning," (Song and Chorus.) *The music alone of this magazine is worth more than the price of the book—did our fair readers ever consider that?* Then we have numerous engravings of "The Corded Corsage," "Zaleima Jacket," "Patterns for Morning Caps," "Riding Habit," "Evening Head Dress," "Bodice with Basque," &c., &c. We give the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

STEEL PLATE.—The Wanderer's Return.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
The Corded Corsage, (front view.)—Name for Marking.—The Zaleima Jacket, (front view.)—The Zaleima Jacket, (back view.)—Two Patterns for Turkish Embroidery.—The Corded Corsage, (back view.)
MUSIC—Minnie Minton; or, I'll Meet You in the Morning.
RONALD'S MISTAKE. By ANNIE RUSSELL.
A MEMORY. By S. FILDMORE BENNETT.
ACROSS THE PLAINS. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
CONTRITION. By Miss ANNIE P. KENT.
TOLD BY THE SUN. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
THE LAND OF DREAMS. By CHARLES MORRIS.
A DYING CHILD'S REQUEST. By MARY B. BENEDICT.
ONLY AN EPISODE. By MARY J. ALLEN.
AFTER THE RAIN. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
IN MEMORIAM. By ILLA.
ABEL CARN'S TEMPTATION. By Mrs. DENISON.
ON THE RIVER. By EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
TITIAN VERCELLI. By Miss A. FORRESTER.
AT THE SEASIDE. By Mrs. J. P. CULVER.
HE LEADETH ME. By Mrs. M. F. TUCKER.
THE OLD BEDQUILT. By JULIA GILL.
OUR CHRISTIAN NAMES.
OUR DARLING. By H. S. CORRY.
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NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
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For Woodbury, &c., 8 15 A. M., 2 30, 4 and 6 30 P. M.

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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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A SINGLE BOX OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world besides; fifty-five hundred physicians use them in their practice to the exclusion of other purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are better known sudden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a duty which will save life.

Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness.

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TO DIE IN A BAD CAUSE

as those who fall in the rebel ranks undoubtedly do, is foolish. But on the other hand

DYEING FOR A GOOD CAUSE

as those who are wise and prudent enough to remedy the defects of nature with

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

are doing every day, in every city of the Union, is eminently praiseworthy. This peaceful revolution is going on throughout the whole land, and thus beauty and harmony supplant homeliness and incongruity.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I love thee for thy chignon, for the boss of purchased hair,
Which thou hast on thine occiput the charming taste to wear.
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto thy poll doth lend,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with knobs at either end!

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy cheeks that deck,
The lilies likewise that adorn thy pearly-powdered neck,
And all that sweet "illusion" that, o'er thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the muslin and the gauze about thee bound,
Like endive that in salad doth a lobster's tail surround.
And oh, I love thee for the boots thine ankles that protect,
So proper to the manly style young ladies now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for aught I see,
The clothes-frame of a draper's shop inside all that dress be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface know,
The picture 'tis I value, not the canvas hid below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity and pride;
But, oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be my bride.
So dear a wife as thou wouldst prove, to marry thee, alas!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be—what an ass!—*Punch.*

Didn't Like the Swindle.

The following story of ex-Governor Grimes is vouched for by one who knew him well:—The legislature had just convened at the capital of Iowa. Gov. Grimes had arrived the night before, and taken rooms at a certain hotel—at least so a young aspirant for office from a distant portion of the state ascertained as he drove up and alighted from his carriage at the steps of that public house. The hostler threw out his trunk, and the landlord conducted him to his room, leaving the trunk in the bar-room. Wishing his trunk, the young man demanded to have it brought up, and seeing a man passing through the lower hall, whom he took to be the porter, he gave his commands in an imperious and lofty tone. The order was obeyed; and the man charging a quarter of a dollar for his services, a marked quarter, that was good for only twenty cents, was slipped slyly into his hand, and was put into his pocket by the man with a smile.

"And now, Sirrah!" cried the new arrival, "you know Gov. Grimes?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview at his earliest convenience."

A peculiar look flashed from the man's blue eyes, and with a smile, extending his hand, he said,

"I am Gov. Grimes, at your service, sir."

"You—I—that is, my dear sir, I beg—a—a thousand pardons!"

"None needed at all, sir," replied Gov. Grimes. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited for the office specified. But, sir, any man who would swindle a working-man out of a paltry five cents would defraud the public treasury had he an opportunity. Good-evening, sir!"

AWKWARD OMISSION.—Paris gossip gets off a rich joke on the distinguished Frenchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during the conversation said, "I shall be happy to present you with my Two Sisters," meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied that "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

THE IRISH SAILOR AND THE CAPTAIN'S COPPER KETTLE.—Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor allowed the captain's copper kettle to slip from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good-humored man, said, addressing him, "Would you say that a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?" "Of course not," was the captain's reply. "Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the *say*."

THE GONE-UP BARBERS.—A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some peculiar embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis:"—"De dishelution of co-parsnips heretofore resisting twixt me and Mose Jones in de barber perfession, am heretofore resolved. Pussons who ose must pay to de scriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jonse, as de firm is insolved."

THAT'S A GOOD 'UN.—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "Paradise, year 1, Adam."

SHEDDING THEIR LAST DROP OF BLOOD.—"General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'lar about the first drop." We have too many of that style of patriots now-a-days.

BANQUET AND WET BANK.—"I like to reverse things once in a while," said an old toper, who was found at an early hour in the morning sitting beside a ditch; "I like to reverse things once in a while—I sat at a banquet all night, and now I am sitting on a wet bank."

WHAT is joy? To count your money and find it a hundred pounds more than you expected.

OUT OF SEASON.

The fact is, Fitzrobbins is supposed to be at Saratoga, and Braggles has given out he was off to Newport. Under these circumstances, it was awkward to meet suddenly at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, about the first of August.

A DOCTOR was summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in England, and found a boy in need of his services.

"Show your tongue," said the doctor.

The boy stared like an owl.

"My good boy, let me see your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, and then turning to her son, said: "Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy loliker."

The mouth flew open and the doctor was terribly "taken in."

A CELEBRATED quack, while holding forth on a stage of Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want, and then addressing his merry Andrew:

"Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?"

"No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

A THREE months Cochin China rooster, in New Bedford, had a mortal combat with a full-grown rat a day or two since. The fight was well contested on both sides, and after a continuance of thirty-five minutes ended in the rooster crowing over a dead rat.

RATHER DISCOURAGING.—A Pike's Peaker writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to *dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.*

RECEIPTS.

Original.

THE EUREKA TOMATO.

I have found it—or rather I should say I have built, improved, nursed, educated, perfected it, until I believe I have achieved a fairer, and in some respects, a much better *tomato* than any other, either in or out of the market.

The changing of the lazy-lie-down tomato vine into the stout-stand-up-alone, stocky shrub, or bush, I had for sometime believed a possibility, and three years of consecutive coaxing, nursing, pinching and pruning, has proved my theory correct. I have got just such a tomato as I determined to have, and every one else *ought* to have. Its perfections are—it is finer fleshed than any other I have seen, is more solid, contains fewer seeds, the skin peals off readily when the fruit is ripe, without scalding, and the tomatoes are uniformly round, smooth and handsome, without crevices and seams like almost all the large red tomatoes generally grown.

The plant grows into a low, stocky bush, requiring no support, with dark green curled foliage, among which the fruit hangs singly, and pendent like apples. I believe the fruit ripens about ten days earlier than any other sort I know of.

Having thus educated my pet until he is able to stand up alone, I propose to send him out into the world to make friends, by his merit. Having given the youth a good character, I am going to do what further I can for him in this way—

I will prepare and leave for distribution at the office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, provided my Lady Commander and the publishers consent, so many of the seeds as my limited crop will afford, of which a few, enough at any rate to begin with, shall be sent to every subscriber to THE POST who shall send a *post-paid* directed envelope for that purpose. The distribution to be *gratuitous*, and continue until the stock shall be exhausted.

My plan of growing the plants early, has been to scoop out a good large turnip to a shell, say half an inch thick, fill the cavity with rich soil, adding about a tablespoonful of fine charcoal dust and a teaspoonful of fine salt to the soil in each shell, mixing the material thoroughly, and planting two or three tomato seeds in each turnip shell as early as the first of March, place the prepared shells in a box of fine sandy loam, burying the turnips to within an inch or less of the top, and set the box near the stove in the kitchen, where it will be exposed to a pretty even temperature, and water with soft, tepid water about twice a week. Every warm, sunshiny day set the box out for the benefit of the young plants, and as soon as all danger from frosts is past, plant out the turnips with the tomato plants in them where you intend them to grow. Leave only the strongest plant in each shell, plant them three feet apart in good, rich soil, cultivate thoroughly, keep all weeds killed off, and you will have early tomatoes, very good ones, and plenty of them. COSMO.

IRON RUST.

Iron rust stains are about the ugliest blotches that can disfigure linen. They look as if one had been chewing Scotch snuff and slavered over the linen in a most slovenly manner. They are difficult blemishes to get rid of, but it can be done, if we go rightly and resolutely about it. Lay hold of husband's, or brother Dick's, or Uncle Ben's shaving cup, and with the brush rub up a good stiff lather, brush that into the stained spots vigorously. Plaster the place over with Spanish whiting, roll the garment up till the spots are nearly dry, and then wash out with pretty strong soda water.

MILDEW STAINS.

The next hardest thing after iron rust to get out of linen is mildew. The best way probably to conquer it is to make a lather of good chemical soap and sharp vinegar, and saturate the linen about the spots thoroughly with it, and immediately apply *fuller's-earth* in powder, rubbing it well in. A ten cent "fractional" will purchase at the apothecaries as much of the material as will last as long as you ought to live. Place the garment in the sun two or three days, and the mildew will most likely vanish in washing. MADELINE.

Selected.

BANBURY BUNS.—Prepare some dough with two tablespoonfulls of thick yeast, a gill of warm milk, and 1 pound of flour. Let it work a little, and then mix with it ¼ pound of currants washed and picked, the same weight of candied orange and lemon peel, cut small; a ½-ounce of allspice, and the same of ginger and nutmeg; mix all together with ¼ pound of honey. Put it into puff paste cut in an oval form; cover it with the same, and sift sugar over the top. Bake these cakes for a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven.

CHEAP CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples are washed and soaked, and after carefully straining, put in a vessel; add a pound of sugar, or its equivalent in molasses. Put in a piece of brown paper, and set where warm. In a few weeks you will have good cider vinegar. More sugar will improve it. The vinegar will also be better the more concentrated the cider is. The strongest vinegar is made from boiled cider.

A GARGLE FOR THE CURE OF SORE THROAT.—Root of pellitory of Spain, 2 ounces; pellitory of the wall, 4 bundles; peony seed, half-ounce. Bruise well in a mortar, soak in two quarts of water for twenty-four hours, then simmer gently until reduced to three pints. Strain, and allow time to settle, then strain again into an earthen vessel, and add roach alum, one ounce; best Orleans vinegar, one pint; sweeten to taste with pure honey. Simmer and skim, say one hour. When cold, strain into a stone bottle; add a wineglass-full of pure brandy, and keep well corked in a cool place.

RHUBARB PRESERVE.—Rhubarb preserve, if made according to the following directions, is almost equal to the celebrated Scotch marmalade. Procure six oranges, peel, and take away the white rind and the seeds; slice the pulp into the stew-pan, along with the peel; cut very small; add a quart of rhubarb cut fine, and from one pound to one pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil the whole down, as for other preserves.

MILK PUNCH.—Put as much lemon-peel, pared very thin, as you can into a bottle, and fill it with good brandy. Cork, and let it stand six days; then pour out the liquid, and add 2½ lbs. loaf sugar, 2 quarts water, 2 quarts new milk scalding hot, having had a little spice boiled in it, 1 pint lemon-juice, and 4 quarts brandy. When quite cold, strain, clear, and bottle.—RUM.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it—it will be a better color; put your fruit in your preserving-pan, mashing them with a long wooden spoon. After boiling them a few minutes, add the same quantity of sugar as fruit, boiling it for half an hour, keeping it well stirred. When sufficiently reduced, fill your jars.

TEA CREAM.—Boil two drachms or more of good green tea in a quart of milk; in a few minutes strain it; add three yolks of eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; set it on the fire, and reduce it to half, then strain it again. When cold, serve it.

TO MAKE THE TEETH WHITE.—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will prove an admirable cleanser.

DOUGHNUTS.—1½ pints milk warmed, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. butter, and 1 nutmeg; make a sponge of these over night with flour, putting in 1 teacup of good yeast. Fry in lard. They are as good as possible.

☞ A RAT STORY.—The Greenfield Gazette is responsible for the following rat story:—"A family in South Deerfield, Mass., left some Indian meal on the bottom of an iron pan in which they had baked a johnny-cake the night previous, in the buttery, one of the cold nights last winter, which the rats attempted to eat, but the frost on the iron froze their tongues to the pan, so that they could not release them, and they were caught the next morning."

☞ "I am on the trail of a dear," as the fellow said when he stepped on one of the female street-sweepers.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SAVING SEED POTATOES.

To the almost criminal carelessness, or rather mistaken close fistedness of our farmers, may be attributed the too frequent unsatisfactory produce of our potato fields.

If any one of our farmers anywhere were to go into the practice of saving out for seed his most inferior grains, or the very meanest, diminutive, feeble animals among his stock from which to perpetuate their kind—why, the whole community would call the man a fool or a lunatic, and the charge would be just.

But the practice of pursuing exactly this course in regard to seed potatoes, is as *common* as are the potatoes grown from such seed, and nobody seems to regard it as especially poor philosophy. People seem to think that a potato ought to perform impossibilities under difficulties such as vegetable never encountered before in this world. And it does some times, but not so often but that we hear frequent complaints that we do not raise so large potatoes, nor so many in a hill, nor nearly so many to the acre, nor anything like as good ones as we used to do in old times.

What wonder is it if we should not? Just mark the management of seven-tenths of all our potato growers anywhere within reach of a market.

First he picks over and selects for the market all the first-class potatoes. Then there is another overhauling, and the second best goes to his own table. The refuse—miserable odds and ends—buck shot and bullet size, are reserved for pigs and planting. And then the unreasonable farmer failing to obtain a maximum yield of first-rate potatoes from such a source, growls at blight, bugs, wet weather, drought, and everything else he can think of except his precious self, as the cause of failure.

Now, if farmers would make it a rule to select for seed at digging, the very best and biggest potatoes of the crop, keep them carefully until planting time comes round, and then bestow upon them just such care and culture as farmers used to give their potatoes in those "old times" so often referred to, there would be just such crops, and unquestionably as good potatoes as we ever got from the ground. The thing is worth thinking about—very probably worth trying.

DOCTORING APPLE ORCHARDS.

Perhaps there is no necessity beyond our own carelessness for so many of our elder and middle-aged fruit trees—particularly the apple going fruitless as they do, or bearing so shy that all their produce does not a twentieth part pay the loss the encumbrance of the tree itself is to its owner.

Such trees in all cases require doctoring—some nursing, and thoroughly renovating. Now, or from now till sharp, freezing weather sets in, is the time to attend to the matter.

Plough among the apple trees whenever leisure affords the opportunity, and dig with a hoe, close up to the trees where the plough cannot be made available. Dig up, turn over, disintegrate—expose inner surfaces to sun and storm, and sharp frosty nights; and just in proportion to our ploughing and digging, shall we disturb and destroy millions more or less of eggs, nits, larvæ, grubs, bugs and beetles, that another year would, if let alone, produce some pest inimical to the health and prosperity of the trees; for after all that has been said and written upon the subject, the great magazine from whence issue the fruit plunderers, is the earth in the near neighborhood of the trees, and from one to seven or eight inches below the surface.

But as a great many eggs and nits are deposited in cracks and crevices of the rough bark, along the trunk of the tree, it essential to apply the scraper vigorously, scraping off all loose, rough surfaces and moss, and then wash the trunks well with a solution of potash in the proportion of a pound to each gallon of water, adding a pint of coal oil to a gallon of the solution. Two applications of such a wash, well laid on and scrubbed in with a white-wash brush, ought to exterminate all the pest deposits on the trunks of the trees.

Before cold, freezing weather comes on, a mulching of half-rotted barnyard litter, saturated with a weak solution of sulphuric acid so mild that it tastes severely sour, but does not bite the tongue, ought to be applied to the surface all about the tree to the distance of eight to ten feet in each direction.

By pursuing this treatment, and thinning out next March, if it has not already been done, all decayed, gnarled, uncouth branches, the chances are, that the weather being propitious next spring, we shall another season have satisfactory returns from trees that for years have been worse than useless. At anyrate, the experiment is worth a fair trial.

IMPROVING THE QUINCE.

Such knotty, deformed, sour, crabbed abortions, as of late years we see exhibited in our markets, and by courtesy called quinces, are simply abominations. The production of large, fair, fine-flavored fruit from the quince tree is not so difficult or so much of a mystery that we ought to pay four times the old times prices for a peck of quince *knots*, out of which we may possibly cull a quart of very ordinary quince.

As an almost universal rule, the quince tree is treated with the same criminal neglect that our currant bushes are, whereas, if we would plant them in good soil, out in the sunshine, dig about them frequently, manure reasonably, mulch in the fall with fine, half-rotted stable litter, dig in about the roots, bits of old rusty iron with a half bushel or so to a bush, of the waste material from our chemical factories, and with the rest, keep the bush judiciously pruned, we should have fruit that would be a credit to the producer and a comfort to the consumer.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 2, 6, is what flows from trees when they are tapped.
My 3, 5, 10, is the name of a cunning animal.
My 7, 8, 9, is a part of our body.
My 6, 10, 3, 9, is a delicious fruit.
My 2, 7, is a pronoun.
My 5, 2, 10, is also a pronoun.
My 9, 3, 4, 10, is a farmer's implement.
My whole is one whose name is prominent in history. W. T. PORTER.
Ohio.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 16, 15, 3, 15, tells what many have done for their country.
My 9, 14, 6, 8, is the name of an excellent garden vegetable.
My 1, 10, 5, 1, 13, 20, is the name of a social vice.
My 21, 10, 4, 2, is what we should avoid being.
My 12, 15, 6, 5, is the name of a troublesome insect.
My 7, 17, 19, expresses an action past.
My 11, 3, 8, 5, names a desirable quality.
My 15, 10, 12, 12, 14, 21, is the name of a weapon.
My whole is the patriot's pride and glory. ELVIRA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in press, paper, and printer.
My 2d is in weather, weeks, and winter.
My 3d is in sadness, sorrow, and sin.
My 4th is in pauses, paper, and pen.
My 5th is in roses, reeds, and rushes.
My 6th is in clams, crows, and clutches.
My 7th is in whittle, wheat, and white.
My 8th is in foes, folly, and fight.
My 9th is in hot, hunter, and house.
My 10th is in loafer, lemon, and louse.
My 11th is in alley, almost, and ale.
My 12th is in yellow, yes, and yale.
My 13th is in older, oldest, and ode.
My 14th is in runner, rider, and rode.
My 15th is in cunning, curious, and cast.
My 16th is in loser, lender, and last.
My 17th is in wedding, widow, and wife.
My 18th is in knowing, knitting, and knife.
My 19th is in evening, editorial, and end.
My 20th is in Saturday, Sunday, and send.
My whole is a short sentence, but it fills many a writer's heart with pain.

Anagrams on Noted Men.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

His cracked lens.	Memory jags me not!
Sold the "Grim Visl."	No fur blotter?
Real Volumes!	"Rooms at home."
"Can't forge or beg!"	Rags, but litter.
"How near best."	Close shop!
Lest he jag me poor.	The slow main lines.
O! what a grim hill!	"Less stray guns.

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.

Diophantine Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find three square numbers in arithmetical progression, such that if from each its root be subtracted, the three remainders shall be squares. "YOUNG'S ALGEBRA."

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a circular arc less than a quadrant, it is required to find the relation between that arc and its cotangent, when the rectangle of the arc and cosine is a maximum. DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Clinton Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the setting of a naval court on board ship like the first act of the rebellion? Ans.—Because it's a sea-session.

☞ Teacher.—"Now, boys, this is a whale. Can you tell me what the whale does with all the water he swallows?" Smart Boy (whose father is a pawnbroker)—"Please, sir, he spouts it."

☞ Why is a hungry man waiting for his breakfast willing to be a martyr? Ans.—Because he longs to go to the steak.

☞ When can donkey be spelt with one letter? Ans.—When it's U! [Nothing personal meant.]

☞ Why is Adelina Patti's voice like a crown? Ans.—Because it's replete with *precious tones.*

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Mitchell's New Intermediate Geography. ENIGMA—"Liberty and Independence." CHARADE—Indian, (Inn, die, Ann.) DOUBLE REBUS—Paris, Genoa, (Pig, Aloe, Rollin, Iago, Sardinia.)

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC—Parvaim.—2 Chron. iii. 6.

1. P ithom,	Exod. i. 11.
2. A char,	1 Chron. ii. 7.
3. R oma,	Acts, xviii. 2.
4. V ashti,	Esth. i. 10-19.
5. A hab,	1 Kings, xxi. 25.
6. I shbi-benob,	2 Sam. xxi. 16, 17.
7. M ichaiah,	Jer. xxxvi. 11-13.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, published June 24th:—The ball would describe a distance of 823.86 feet in 8.4526 seconds, and reach an altitude of 287.27 feet. It would strike the bed of the Mississippi, therefore it would be difficult to ascertain how far it would float down the stream before it came to the surface.—Morgan Stevens.

Answer to R. Barto's, July 15th:—4.1118 in.—M. Stevens. 3.04 in.—J. M. Greenwood. 3.9243 in.—Reuben Barto.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's, July 8th:—20.7846, 8.60928, and 6.6012 feet; and 1.4482, and 2.04124 feet.—Morgan Stevens and J. M. Greenwood.

To M. Stevens's, same date:—1287936 revolutions.

Answer to Chal's, July 15th:—118.7612331875 square feet, area of ellipse. 101.13219999609375 square feet included space.—Morgan Stevens and Jas. M. Greenwood.